ESCORT

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

VOL.1 NO.1

NUDES OF BRISTOL

65p

FRANCE 20 FR
SWITZERLAND 7 FR

IN THIS ISSUE

TWO FREE NUDE POSTERS

WIN
A POLAROID SX70 WITH FREE FILM

WIN
A SONY STOWAWAY POCKET STEREO

8 NAKED PICTORIALS INCLUDING THE NUDEST GIRLS OF BRISTOL PLUS ESCORT'S GUIDE TO BOOB CITY

SEXERCISES
OUR LUSTY PICTURE GUIDE TO SEX UP A LADDER

ALL THE NICE GIRLS LOVE A SAILOR
THE STATE OF SEX IN BRITAIN

SHOW US YOURS
WHAT MAKES OUR READERS' WIVES THE RUDEST

ASK AUNT EMMA
SEXUAL ADVICE FROM BRITAIN'S RANDIEST AUNTIE

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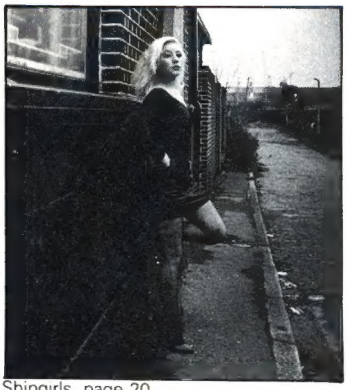

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Christine, page 14

Harrison Marks page 64

Our Bristol covergirl

Publisher: *Paul Raymond* Managing Director: *Tony Power* Executive Editor: *Nevile Player* Art Director: *Susan Howe* Picture Editor: *Mike Panchaud* Production Editor: *Diana Chandler* Advertisement Director: *Chris Robins* Circulation Director: *Mike Stall* Circulation Manager: *Howard Raymond* Legal Adviser: *Carl Snitcher* Financial Adviser: *Peter Lermer*

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COVER GIRL

Our cover girl this month is 35-24-36, 18-year-old Alison Roberts from Bristol, the town featured in our centre pull-out pages. Alison, who works in a boutique in that city, confesses without a flicker or a blush that her favourite day-time occupation is taking men's inside-leg measurements, (all off to Bristol to buy your trousers, lads). She likes swimming, tennis and sex, (though not necessarily in that order), and her other pastimes are "men's bodies, reading dirty books, and prick-teasing". Her most outrageous sexual experience – "having my boy-friend shave my pussy". Thankfully, Alison's perfect bush has recovered, and is growing back to normal.

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FACTS OF LIFE

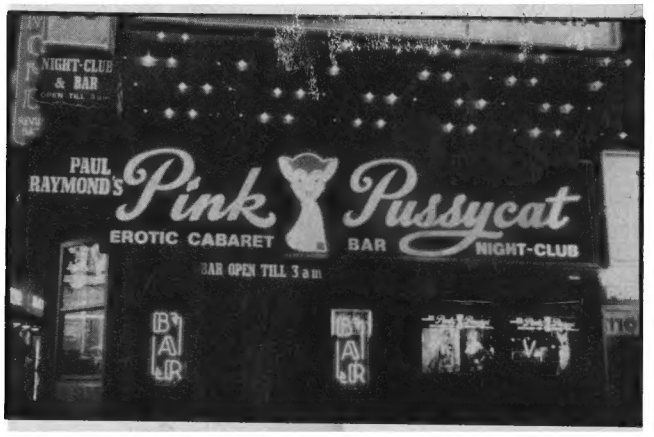
Until we started work on Escort magazine a few short months ago, we little realised what fun it was going to be. The launch of a new magazine is always a special occasion. There are always those last minute doubts. Pictures are studied, articles are analysed, ideas are reappraised, no one quite knows whether the magazine is wrong or right.

The first few days on sale are important and give an indication of how well the magazine is being received and everyone holds their breath for the first sales figures. Within a few days it was obvious that Escort was basically right. Now it's up to you to let us know what you like and don't like about it. We've plenty of good ideas for future issues but we'd like to hear yours as well. (This means the staff can have longer lunch hours because they aren't wearing their brains out so much.)

Anyway the upshot is that the management here at Raymond Towers in sunny down town Soho have been coming into our editorial department, gibbering at sales graphs and offering us alcoholic inducements to turn out a second issue and generally indicating that we weren't as bad as they thought. If this keeps up it looks as though we're going to be producing an issue of Escort every month.

The response to our first issue was quite fantastic. Thank you for your letters, your photographs, your jokes, drawings and fantasies. We've been literally buried under the avalanche of congratulations and best wishes and the odd sack of mail. Keep on sending them. We love the pictures of your wives and girlfriends and we're already tracking some of them down so we can shoot some nice photo-sets of them for you. Your jokes make us laugh (no jokes this issue, but plenty in the next) and your letters turn our beautiful and voluptuous Production Editor on. Don't worry, we'll print them.

CLUB NEWS:
You don't have to look far in this magazine to spot our publisher. The fact that he's our guide and mentor and pays the staff's apalling drinks bills is only to be expected. However we know the business and we reckon that Mr Publisher Raymond is the best judge



of the naked and near-naked female form in the UK by a mile or two. If you think we display taste, class, discretion and fantastic strings of dolly-birds queuing to wink at us, you should try keeping up with our leader sometime.

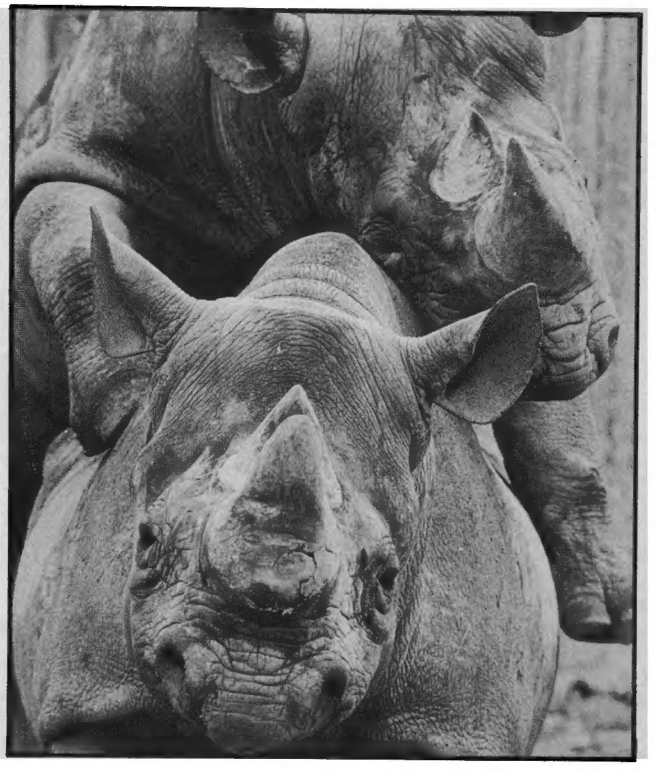
Which is why we think the Pink Pussycat is the best thing to happen in Soho in years. A few yard's from Paul's world-famous Revue Bar (still the best show in town and half price if you take advantage of our fabulous offer on page 35) you can feast your taste buds (and we know you've got some) on all manner of sophisticated alcoholic beverages in large measures, accompanied by a nice tasty steak while you feast your eyes on eight sizzling strippers a night whose proximity to your table in the Club's intimate atmosphere will not deter them from showing you their all.

The Pink Pussycat thrives on a heady erotic cocktail of drink, strippers, slinky dolly waitress in black thigh-tweaking leotards while hostesses who will wine and dine with any unattached male for the evening seem united in their determination to exhibit more cleavage than you would have dreamed possible.

It will cost you a fiver to enter. Standard spirits are doubles at £2 a measure and another 50p for a large size mixer, and there are about a dozen brands of champagne, from £25 for the non-vintage cheap stuff up to £38 for a bottle of 1971 Dom Perignon. The show begins at 9.45 and the phone number is 437-9439, because with the business the Pink Pussycat is doing it is wise to let Pierro know you are coming and get him to reserve a table. Hostess fees are £20.

We can't actually think of anything the Pink Pussycat hasn't got (including the continual showing of Electric Blue on two large size television screens) which might be added to Mr Raymond's erotic paradise at 10 Brewer Street, W1, to improve what is undoubtedly an exciting and sensual night for any man who cares to bring his wife, ladyfriend or come alone.

GRUNT AND GROAN DEPARTMENT:
This interesting little snap was submitted for our Show Us Yours section by an inebriated reader in Manchester who sent the pictures to us without any other visible clue than a stain which our experts analysed as Theaxton's Old Peculiar. Perhaps, L.T. is in love with a particularly beautiful Rhino, perhaps he is one – all we know is if you can add a better caption than ours, or a speech bubble or two along the lines of what one rhino is whispering in the ear of the other, we'll give you a year's free subscription to your favourite mag – as long as it's Escort!



Did the earth move for you, too, dear?

ESCORT LETTERS

Dream machine
My sisters and I were brought up to believe that the library of the house was a sanctum for the exclusive use of our father and his men friends, but it was only when I was in my late 'teens that I discovered why! I'm sure he wasn't very unusual in this respect, but alongside the leatherbound volumes of the classics, there were one or two books which I can hardly see even the British Museum accepting.

In particular (and you must remember I could only sneak quick glances at these books, on those rare occasions when the library was both unoccupied and unlocked) I recall a book in German dealing with mechancial 'aids' to sexual intercourse. The illustration that stays with me most vividly is a drawing of a large wheel on which a dozen dildos, made from solid rubber as far as I could gather, were hinged in such a way as to present themselves in turn to the loins of a girl who was sketched with her legs wide open, strapped to a sort of wooden platform next to the wheel. I didn't need to know much German to understand the purpose of this machine especially as the word 'Borneo' appeared in the caption, and I knew that country's connection with the rubber trade.

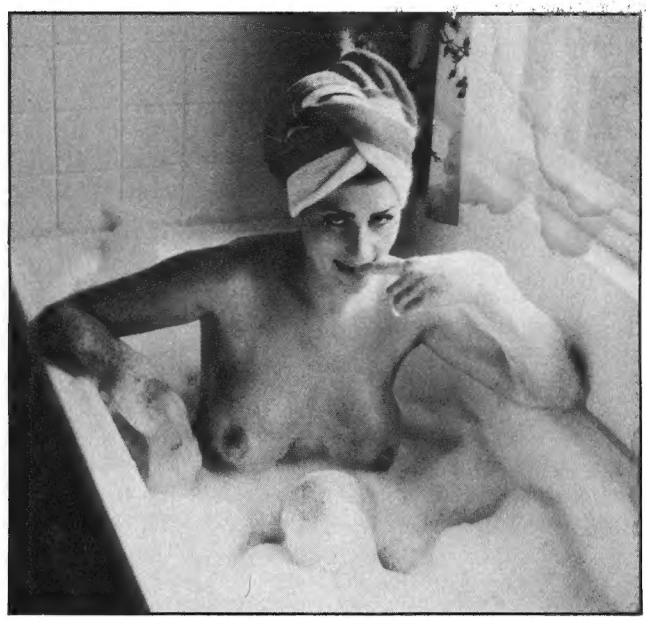
I would often sneak into the library and make straight for this particular book, avidly scanning the illustrations as long as I dared before fleeing up to my room and throwing myself on the bed to masturbate violently while I imagined a succession of large rubber dildos plunging in and out of me at the turn of a handle. I have never thought of myself as a masochist, and have made a success of my marriage, but from time to time my thoughts stray to that drawing in a book which was probably either sold or destroyed on my father's death.

Do you think the idea was just a figment of the illustrator's imagination, or were there really such devices in use in the Far East? It's not that I want to try out such a machine for my own purposes (although I still fantasise about doing so now and then), rather that I would like to satisfy my curiosity more fully, if at all possible. Perhaps one of your readers can supply a lead?
U.T. Cheltenham

Graphics by Phil Dobson

Fcotball crazy
I can hardly believe this myself, but last Saturday I met a football groupie! It was after the local Derby match, and I was round the entrance the players use, hoping to catch a sight of the visiting centre forward, who had really been on song. Blow me down if this blonde didn't come out of the door we were all crowded round and start complaining about the way she'd been treated. No, she hadn't been gang-banged, and that was what she was mad about, from what I could gather.

She didn't look too bad in fact, so I invited her home, knowing my Mum and Dad would be out shopping, and she told me a bit about herself. She started when she was fifteen and watches at least two matches a week. She tries to con her way into the changing rooms afterwards, and when I asked her what for, she showed me, on the battered old sofa in our living room!



Payment in kind: 'She said I could do her instead of cash'

I've never had anyone like her, she was that energetic and shameless, and I'll be lucky to meet up with her again. You never know, though, she might be looking for me as well.
J.L. Birmingham

Payment in kind
I'm only writing this because I know you won't print my full name and address. If the Social Security found out I could be for it, even though what I'm doing is common in these parts. Basically, what I do is earn a bit of pocket money on the side from cleaning windows. I used to do this full-time before I started at the paint factory a dozen years ago, and now I'm laid off, it's only natural to try and get a few bob this way.

Mostly I work in a different area from where I live, for obvious reasons, and there isn't much competition. But I do find a lot of the housewives I meet are pushed for money themselves, and now and then I get one of them offering to pay 'in kind'. I'm not out to make my fortune anyway, so for a man in his late forties it's quite a treat to have some young woman offer to give me a toss for half an hour's work.

One day by coincidence I had four women in this way. One of them was very tasty as well, a big woman with blonde hair. She wouldn't drop her knickers or anything, but she told me to open my flies and put my hands on my hips. This I did, right there in her kitchen, and she knelt down and sucked me off dead quick. The next house I went to, the woman gave me a handjob, and I came in a handkerchief she was holding over the end of my knob.

Then in the same day, I did the windows of one of my 'regulars' who is about my age, a dark-haired woman with really huge tits. She told me she couldn't pay till next week, but instead I could have a go in her cleavage. I'd

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13

Publish and be damned, sock it to us, tell us what you think, complain, argue, applaud, get your own back, anything goes as long as it's printable. Include your full name and address although this will be reduced to initials and town or origin, and address your letter to Escort Magazine, Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Ask Aunt Emma

Few of us are without sexual problems. This column is for those who need someone understanding and experienced to confide in – so tell me all about it.

Dear Aunt Emma,
I think you'd describe my boyfriend as a dirty young man. Nothing is too wild for him to try sexually, and we've been through just about everything, if you'll excuse the pun.

What he's keenest on is savouring bodily juices. This became apparent soon after we first met. One weekend, when his parents were away, we were screwing in their bedroom. I was close to orgasm, and I could sense by the quickening of his movements that he was close too. I was looking forward to the sensation of him coming inside me, when he unexpectedly pulled out and shot all over my face and breasts. Not content with that, he started to rub his come all over my upper body and face, kissing me feverishly on the face and thereby tasting his own sperm. I was taken aback as no one had done this to me before. After that, he went on and on about seeing his come flying all over my body, and saying that the sensations of rubbing it into my skin was something he really got off on. I let the whole episode ride, as I had secretly enjoyed it a bit, once I'd got over the shock.

He also loves going down on me, and as I lubricate quite a lot, he makes a point of rubbing it over his face and hair. He says there is no better smell in the world than a woman's love juices, and once, he even dipped a finger inside me and told me to lick it clean. I did so as I like to please him in bed. The taste was quite pleasant so I wasn't too upset about doing so.

But now he is talking about trying some other things which I find too disgusting even to think about. He is getting very insistent, and though I want our relationship to continue, I have to find a way to convince him that I wouldn't enjoy the practices he mentions. Have you any ideas?
Miss P. R., Woking

As far as your sexual games have gone so far, they've been a great part of sexual play. But the important thing about such pursuits is that they should be agreeable to both partners, and once one of you stops deriving any pleasure, it's time to stop.

I can only offer a solution that occurred to me, when I had to put paid to the ideas of a former lover. He couldn't get out of his mind the idea that he wanted to sodomise me, which as you all know is against the law, and something which I don't find appealing. The only way I could dissuade him was to grab his balls and squeeze until his eyes began to water, at the same time repeating that I didn't want to be taken that way by him or anyone. He soon got the message, and never tried it again. I can only suggest that if your boyfriend persists, that you try the same on him. It's an extreme measure, but remember, action speaks louder than words.
—Aunt Emma.

Dear Aunt Emma,
I'm addicted to the smell of women's panties, and have been for many years. When my wife leaves the house to go shopping on Saturday morning, the first thing I do is rush to the laundry basket and fetch out a pair of her used knickers. Just the smell of her womanhood as I press the material into my face is enough to cause a massive erection. Have you heard of this fetish before? – *Mr C.Y., Milton Keynes.*

Indeed I have. One man I knew not only wanted to have a pair of my dirty panties, but he also wanted to wear them and then have me jack him off. There is, however, nothing wrong with such mild strains of transvestism, but the question I asked him was, wouldn't he rather get to grips with the real thing than the knickers covering it? So get to it, C.Y.; go down on your wife and see what you are missing. You never know, you might get to like it! – Aunt Emma.

Dear Aunt Emma,
I have a certain amount of guilt about writing this to you, as I'm not sure it is really a problem at all. Perhaps all I'm seeking is a little reassurance.

For a long time now, my only sexual pleasure has been dressing up in my wife's clothes. It started off by just slipping into a pair of her panties and tights, just so I could see how my erection looked encased in tight materials. You see, my wife has insisted that I always wear boxer shorts, and I'd always yearned to see my prick bursting through a pair of tight knickers. I was so pleased with the result that next I tried on a pair of stockings and a suspender belt. The sight of my quite well-developed legs in sheer silk was really provocative, especially as I wasn't wearing a pair of her panties this time. My prick and balls were just hanging there, and I couldn't resist masturbating, something I hadn't done for some years.

From there, it progressed for me to dressing from head to toe in my wife's clothes. I even bought a specially padded bra so that I filled out in all the right places. Even though I say so myself, I didn't look half bad, and the sexual feelings were the most intense I'd ever known, when I had this outward appearance of a woman. I long to broach this subject with my wife, yet am afraid of the consequences.
F.J., London

As I said in my reply to the last letter, there is nothing wrong in mild strains of transvestism. You seem to have taken all this a stage further, and it really is time to involve your wife. It must be affecting your sexual attitudes and performance. I'm sure that if your wife is taken aback to start with, she'll become sympathetic and even flattered. Who knows, she might even make your dressing up even more professional, and even more sexual, so that you can share your pleasure with her sexual needs. Concealment of an important erotic need can be very dangerous to a long-term relationship, and if, as I suspect, you've been neglecting her lately, being honest about your needs may be the very thing to put the

sparkle back into your married sex life. – Aunt Emma.

Dear Aunt Emma,
I expect in your role as a sexual adviser that you've come across many strange problems in your time, but I think my husband's is unique.

You see, he is a fresh meat fetishist. His greatest sexual pleasure is for me to wrap a fresh sirloin steak around his erect prick and jack him off. The tighter I wrap the meat, the better he likes it. If I drag my finger nails across his balls while I'm doing this, it drives him even wilder. Only fresh meat will do for him. Yet I can't think how this fancy started, and he won't tell me. Whenever I ask him, he just changes the subject, I find it totally frustrating, as once I've brought him off, he loses all sexual enthusiasm and I have to resort to masturbation.

I'd really appreciate your advice because I'm getting quite anxious. Also the housekeeping doesn't keep pace with his demands.
Mrs B.M., Burford.

Have you tried him on liver? After all, this is considerably cheaper, and should mean less strain on your purse. Seriously though, the only thing that is wrong with this pursuit is that you derive no sexual satisfaction from it. What you must do is talk to him, make him understand your sexual frustrations, point out to him how selfish he is being. I must say though that there is considerable satisfaction to be derived from masturbating a fine hard member, but rather than using dead meat, try persuading him that warm flesh is preferable. Try masturbating him between your breasts, if they are large enough, or better still, get him to place his prick against your waiting pussy, and rub back and forth against you. That way he gets the sensation of the steak, while you receive direct benefit, by way of clitoral stimulation. From there it should be "easy meat" to achieve penetration.

Dear Aunt Emma,
I've always been keen on sexual experimentation, and just lately have got hooked on the idea of shaving my girlfriend's pubic hair off so I can fuck a bare mound. She is unsure about this, and is wondering the best way to go about it.
P.O., Plymouth.

With caution, young man. Remember that the genitals are extremely tender. After all, how would you feel if she attacked your privates with a cut-throat? I'd suggest that you do this with a safety razor and a plentiful supply of shaving foam (having first trimmed off as much as possible with scissors), and a very steady hand. Once finished (this part is fun), massage the area gently with antiseptic cream.

One word of warning – once the hair starts growing again, it'll be like kissing an unshaven chin, though if you are 'keen on sexual experimentation' this may be another first for you. – Aunt Emma.

Dear Aunt Emma,
Last New Year's Eve, my wife and I were invited up North for a party by her sister, which meant we would have to stay the night after the celebrations.

The party was great with plenty of drink and food, and by the time midnight rolled around, everyone was nine parts cut. As the chimes struck, there was a lot of kissing and cuddling, and I found myself in the arms of my sister-in-law, whose large breasts were virtually hanging out of her party dress by now. Her kiss was more than just to welcome in the New Year, and as her tongue snaked around my mouth, she pressed and rotated her groin into mine, causing me to get an erection. As we separated, I thought no more about it, until about two in the morning, when the party began to break up. My wife had long since gone to bed. At last it was just me and my sister-in-law, dancing drunkenly round the room to some smoochy music, kissing as we had been before. I had hitched her skirt

up and had one hand down the back of her panties and was kneading the flesh of her buttocks, and trying to slip a finger into her pussy. Pulling me down onto the floor, we continued kissing, until it became impractical to go further clothed. We both tugged off our clothing, and resumed our frantic kissing, with her on top of me. All I could feel was her enormous breasts pushing into my chest and her pubic bush rotating around my cock.

I was in seventh heaven, with my eyes closed and moaning at this unexpected New Year's present. What I got next was a complete surprise. Namely a well aimed kick in the ribs. Unbeknown to either of us, my wife had sneaked down stairs and caught us at it on the carpet. I was stunned and her sister was too. Not wasting any time, my wife grabbed her sister by the hair and pulled her off me. Then they began to fight like she-cats – screaming, tearing at each other's faces, biting, scratching. It only stopped by me pulling them apart and telling my wife to go upstairs and pack her things, as we were leaving. This we did, but not before my sister-in-law had helped me out of my predicament. You see, the sight of two fully grown women fighting was the most erotic thing I'd ever seen, and I had as hard an erection as I can remember. Seeing this, my sister-in-law dropped to ker knees and blew me until I came, with one of the most satisfying orgasms of my life.

Since then, I have this insatiable desire to see women fighting, but don't know where to go. Can you advise?
Mr G.O., Bournemouth.

Well some people get all the jam don't they? First your wife catches you screwing her sister, then you get to see them fight, then you get a blow-job out of it. I suspect your're luckier than you deserve, but if you really want to see women fighting, your best bet are the women's wrestling matches that take place all around the country. There are also occasional nude wrestling matches for women, but as these are frowned upon by the law, you're not likely to see them widely advertised. If any readers know of these, write in and let me know, and I'll pass on the information to Mr G.O. – Aunt Emma.

Dear Emma,
My girlfriend has been on at me for ages to let her beat me. The idea of corporal punishment seems to do funny things to her, but fills me with dread. I can well remember being beaten at school, and have no desire to repeat the experience.
F.T., Hunslet.

Well, I don't know what you've got to worry about. After all, a little beating never did anyone any harm. So don't be so silly. After all, if your girlfriend beats you too hard, you can always snap her cane, can't you? Seriously though, if you don't find your girlfriend's idea erotic, don't do it. – Aunt Emma.

Dear Emma,
Some time ago, my young lady said to me that she wished I had a bigger scrotum, and that she had read of a girl who had blown up her boyfriend's scrotum by cutting a small hole in and inflating it by blowing through a straw. Now my girlfriend wants to do this to me. Could you please tell her that this is very dangerous, as she doesn't believe me.
A.M., Taunton.

How right you are. I'm all for liberation in sex, but this is a downright dangerous idea. For a start, it will cause you extreme pain. On a second point, blowing air into the body like this can cause an embolism, which can easily kill you, and think of the germs! Would your girlfriend prefer a dead lover, I ask myself, or one with a small scrotum? Perhaps you could put her off the idea by saying that you'll do the same to her breasts. That should put paid to her ludicrous idea. – Aunt Emma.●

ONLY WHEN I LARF

Thank you!
That's only my
second goal
in ten years
and
my very first kiss!

You appear
to have
yorked
the Chinaman's
googly . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

come twice already, but the chance was too good to turn down. She got her blouse and bra off and lay on the sofa and I climbed onto her chest and had a great time poking between her big boobs while she held them together. This is something I hadn't done since I was a lad, and she was certainly in for a treat when I popped off.

But the very last house I went to, there was a surprise in store for me. I'd never done this woman's windows before and she wasn't much to look at, but she told me straight off I could do her instead of cash. So I did the windows in about ten minutes flat and we had a lovely long screw up in the bedroom.

As for the Social Security, I honestly can't see what I'm doing wrong. As I say, nobody in my position is going to make a fortune like this and it benefits everyone concerned I should have thought. It certainly keeps me active, at the very least!
T.R. Bolton

Bend over

Why no pictures to appeal to spanking buffs? I know we're in the minority as fas as *doing it* is concerned, but there must be thousands of readers who would appreciate a few photographs of girls with genuinely large derrières bending over as if for corporal punishment. This has got nothing to do with sadism either, it's merely a form of bottom-worship, and I can earnestly recommend it to people who perhaps feel that their sex-lives are becoming rather dull. Or is it that modern misses simply don't have the right sort of behinds?
R.S. Stevenage

The boy next door

Writing to you is the only way I can hope to get all this off my chest, and I'm sure you'll soon see why. I am married and in my late twenties, and in the past couple of weeks I have started sleeping with my husband's best friend.

This is obviously a recipe for disaster, and of course it was never planned to turn out this way. Ken and I found ourselves alone in his house one day by chance, since his wife was out at the shops and my husband was going to be late from work anyway. We had a couple of drinks and for fun I asked to see his snapshot album, which his wife had showed me previously. There are some pictures in this album showing Ken on the beach, and I started to tease him about the fantastic shape of his crotch in the tight wet trunks he had on at the time.

He pretended to be annoyed with me, and took his trousers down to show me. I nearly choked on my drink, for Ken's organ is even bigger than the pictures had led me to suspect. In point of fact, I have since had the chance to measure it when erect, and I'm glad to say he sports nearly nine inches of solid cock. The first time I saw it though it was limp and soft, hanging down from his hairy groin. I touched it and soon got it hard, and before he knew what was what, I was sucking him off.

That might have been the end of it, just a silly lapse of morals in a bored moment. But the very next day he phoned up and asked if he could come round during the afternoon. As I don't work during the day it was hard to think of an excuse. Besides, I couldn't help thinking of his fantastic organ. I should have stopped it right there of course, only I promised myself I would let him go all the way with me just the once and then forget about it forever.

Some hope! What happened was that he came round as promised and did it to me *in the kitchen*, up against the tumble dryer in fact. It was a real squeeze to get him all in, and I was so excited I climaxed fully before he had even finished penetrating me. He had to support me during the actual love-making, I was as weak as a kitten, and needless to say I climaxed again before he was through.

We both had a serious talk afterwards and he admitted we ought to stop this kind of thing while we still had a chance to. Easier said than done though, I'm afraid, and even that night when my husband made love to me, I couldn't help thinking of Ken's much more virile organ. If I'd been having an affair with anyone else I might have confided in Ken's wife, though this is obviously out of the question.

The thing is that I'm not at all ashamed of what we're doing. I long for his cock most of the day, in a sense it has given me something to live for, and I feel like a teenage girl again. How long we can go on like this without either my husband or his wife finding out is anybody's guess. Any woman of my age and in my position would doubtless tell me either to make a clean breast of things or else stop the relationship entirely, but it's so exciting to have a secret lover of any sort, let alone one who is built like Ken.

I'm sorry to go on like this for so long, but I simply had to express myself to someone, even if only through a letter. Now I'm going to post it, and then meet Ken for a quick session in his car.
O.M. Swansea

Little sister: 'Dawn tends to orgasm at the drop of a hat'

Little sister

I have been going with this girl called Judy for about five months now. We are both in our early twenties and our sex life is terrific, and we usually manage to do it on average a dozen times a week. In practice, since we can't meet every day, this means that when we do have some time to ourselves we often make it four or five times on the trot.

The only fly in the ointment about making out at her house is her little sister. I say 'little' though Dawn is actually going on eighteen, and a right handful she's going to be too. Now and then I've looked at her and seen a resemblance to Judy, but I've never thought about doing it to her, at least not until last Thursday evening.

Judy was caught up in a train strike or go-slow, and I was already over at her place with a tiger in my pants when she phoned up from the station to tell me this. Her sister cottoned on to what was up – and offered herself in Judy's place! I started off by telling her not to be daft, but after a bit she simply took her clothes off and started parading around in front of me.

I'm only human (at least, that's what I'll tell Judy if ever she finds out!) and my self-control lasted all of five

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

Christine

Christine, 38-24-36, 24, Liverpool.
"I'm a real live scouser. I like dancing and swimming. I do a lot of that because I like flashing myself at the lads in my bikini. I love having my picture took especially in gear like that leather stuff. What people don't realise is what it's like taking your clothes off in front of a strange feller. I reckon if you fancy him then it's easy to get a bit sexy and show him your bum and things, especially if he thinks you're tasty and you know, it shows a bit. It's a funny relationship but you can't get good pictures if you don't feel something. I mean if the photographer doesn't fancy you he's not going to take any halfway decent snaps, is he? I'm a tease I suppose, but at least I'm not like my friend who tells the fellers straight off she'll take nothing less than eight inches. I mean I like fellers 'cause they're loving and kind – not hung like bullocks." – *Christine*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

minutes before I threw Dawn onto her back and did it to her on the sofa where I've had her sister so often. I told myself that it was alright as long as I pretended I was fucking Judy, but this soon became impossible. To start with, the younger sister, while not a virgin, is much tighter where it counts, and it was so long since I'd last had the pleasure of ramming it into a really tight young slit that I got fantastically wound up.

On top of that too, since she's much less experienced, Dawn tends to orgasm at the drop of a hat. I'm not kidding, almost all I have to do is poke a couple of inches inside her, and she's coming off like an alley cat. This first bout of ours didn't last long under the circumstances, and by the time Judy finally got in, her sister had the sense to make herself scarce, leaving the sofa to us.

Since then though, as you can probably imagine, things have got more than a trifle complicated. Dawn had made it pretty obvious that she's not going to turn down the slightest opportunity to wrap her legs round her sister's boyfriend, and whenever I point out that Judy might well notice the difference in my performance, she just giggles and tells me to take more vitamin pills!

Also, to keep the younger girl satisfied, I have to take greater and greater risks, like picking her up from school and then parking down a quiet side street for a quick one before proceeding to her place to meet Judy. So far things have gone fairly smoothly for us, though I can see one or two problems ahead, like possessiveness on Dawn's part, for instance. I would be just like her to deliberately blow the gaff on me and her and when that happens I think I'd rather be on holiday somewhere than stick around to hear what Judy has to say about it. Most of your readers would probably envy me my lot, to have two young and pretty girls to play with, but I bet I'm on tranquillisers before the end of the month! – *C.B. Dudley*

Adult education

As more and more people take advantage of the evening classes offered by local education authorities, the chances of picking up a bit of spare are getting better and better. In my own case, I am something of a nut for night-school, since I left proper school at fifteen, and three nights a week you'll find me getting stuck into Spanish, Economics and Yoga, which are my current favourites.

Some of the housewives that turn up for these classes seem to be interested in only one thing, if you ask me, and the number of propositions I've had would have to be seen to be believed. However, my idea of sexual satisfaction has got precious little to do with a quick knee-trembler down some dark alley, or even in a broom-closet as one predatory blonde wanted me to do.

So when I began a proper relationship with a nice quiet Eurasian girl who takes her studies very seriously, I was in seventh heaven. It took us some time to work out that we were the only ones in the Economics class who are there for more than a cheap night out, and now we always sit together, just like a couple of childhood sweethearts!

Neither of us is married (I'm divorced, in fact) so we don't have to cheat on anyone, and have plenty of time to indulge ourselves after evening class is over, usually in my flat as it is more convenient for the school. My new girlfriend is very keen on the artistic side of sex, and has opened up a whole new world for me, a world in which the aim of sexual intercourse is to prolong the mutual pleasure as far as is humanly possible without stepping over into too much tension.

Before I met her, I suppose I thought about sex in the way most of us do, as something nice but really trivial. Now I am much more deeply involved in the idea of sex as being a philosophy to be shared by the two partners. And in case this sound a bit precious, I can tell you that I have never met a woman who knew how to use her body to such effect, or who was more genuine in her desire to please the male of the species. We have something to learn from all cultures.
L.J. Croydon

Adult education: 'She's keen on the artistic side of sex'

Sounds good

When we were courting, my future wife and myself were very strict about how far we would go, telling ourselves that full sex was something to save for the wedding night. This we did, only when it came to it, to my humiliation I found that I couldn't get hard. We had booked into this hotel on the South Coast, it was the end of the season and we had the place pretty much to ourselves. We were still lying there feeling a bit miserable down to my failure to get hard, when we heard the sounds of vigorous fucking from a room down the corridor. Almost at once I got my pecker back, and practically jumped on my new bride, who was soon adding her own voice to the proceedings!

The next morning I tried to find out who the other couple might have been, I was grateful to them, but I never did so. Since then, the sound of intercourse has always had a special significance for us, and we regularly tape our own efforts
and play them back for fun, recalling the night we really needed a helping hand.
S.E Bristol

Playtime

When I was a little girl, more than thirty years ago now, my friends and I used to have a whale of a time trying to make adults embarrassed with the things we would say in their presence. It was quite hard if you were on your own , of course , but if there were two or three of you hanging about in the street and a respectable-looking gentleman walked past, one of us would lift up her skirts and yell to the others:

"See you when tea's ready!"

It never failed to amaze me how few passers-by actually understood what we were saying (although naturally they wouldn't have wanted to let on anyway!). My friends and I were just coming up to puberty then, so there was no hint of real sexual invitation, even though we knew just about everything there was to know about it well in advance of any practical experience.

One of my friends was called Kay, which made it all

CAN YOU BEAT IT?

On this page we invite readers to write us a letter about their most outrageous, fascinating or breathtaking sexual experience for ESCORT'S private record book. We would appreciate a photograph of yourself and pay for every story used. Send your most outrageous sexual experience to The Editor, Escort, Paul Raymond Publications, 2 Archer Street, London W1. The Editor's decision is final.

Dear Sir,

As you can see from the pictures, my breasts are enormous – in fact my measurements are 46-26-38 – and I am always the centre of attention at parties. I am never short of men who want to fondle and kiss my breasts and luckily I enjoy it because I have a friend with breasts as big as mine but she is very embarrassed about them and tries to conceal them at every opportunity. I've always been proud of my bust development and I love it when men whistle at me or grab them.

The sexual experience I am dying to tell you about happened a month ago at a party organised by our swapping circle at a house just outside Bristol in Somerset. My husband and I got there about eight in the evening. I was wearing a knee length cocktail dress with a slit up the side and a very low front that made my breasts bulge out like footballs.

As usual I was flaunting my tits and letting the men get a quick feel by sliding their hands down my bra. I was in the lounge talking with a group and one of the men was asking when I was going to show my tits when Sally, whose house it was, called me from the kitchen. There's a low serving hatch into the kitchen and I ducked the top half of my body through it and rested my elbows on the counter. Sally was just putting the finishing touches to the food and there was a young bloke there I hadn't seen before who was a new member. When I leaned through with my huge tits hanging out of the serving hatch his eyes nearly popped out of his head.

I was quite tipsy now and I really fancied him, he was so good looking. "Haven't you seen a forty-six inch bust before?" I said.

He just stared at me and mumbled something.

"Why don't you have a feel," I said feeling randy and tipsy at the same time.

My breasts were almost hanging out of my dress and my pussy was beginning to throb. Then I felt someone lift up my dress in the lounge and I felt their hand pulling down my knickers. I bent my knees so that they could take them off. I felt something wet against my pussy and realised one of the men in the next room was licking it. I started to moan and wriggle.

«My tits dangled down like huge melons and I felt his hands rubbing my nipples.»

The boy in the kitchen came over to me and I said, "Why don't you kiss me for a start?" Because the hatch was quite low he had to crouch down a bit to kiss me. He stuck his tongue in my mouth and I felt his hands slide down my breasts and pull them out of my dress. They dangled down like huge melons and I felt his hands rubbing my nipples, and squeezing the flesh of my tits.

Meanwhile I could feel hands and lips on my bottom in the lounge. I was almost trapped where I was and couldn't have done much about it if I'd wanted to. He stuck his tongue in my mouth and I started moaning because behind me in the other room I could feel hands pulling my thighs apart and a tongue licking my pussy. My legs sagged as hands caressed them and I reached my hand down to the front of the young man's trousers in front of me as he went mad over my tits, sucking and pulling and rubbing and squeezing.

As my hand slid down the front of his trousers, I could feel he had seven inches at least and I wanted desperately to suck it. Meanwhile he had both my nipples in his mouth at once. When he felt me searching for his cock he stood in front of me and pulled it out. I gasped. It was very big and thick. I licked my lips and said, "Mmmm, I'd love to rub your cock between my tits." He came up towards me and I was able to grasp my own breasts, one in each hand and roll his still swollen cock between them. I thought he was going to spunk almost immediately but he didn't.

From behind I could feel something long and thick squeezing between the wet slippery lips of my pussy as my legs were pulled further apart. I guessed it must have been Stephen, one of the men in our circle who loves back-scuttling and has the biggest dick of all the men. It's a beauty, circumcised with a big purple knob the size of a swollen ripe plum and I've often entertained the men by sucking it while I'm being fucked.

I was really working my tits in a frenzy round the young man's cock and in no time at all he spurted all over my chin. I felt Stephen spurting inside me and then his cock pulled out and another took its place. Meanwhile the other men were taking turns with their cocks between my breasts. I lost count of how many men fucked me but my husband later said it was every single one of them.

So that's my record. In about an hour and a half I had eight men fuck me from behind and four come off between my tits and two in my mouth.

I was so aroused that I wouldn't let my husband alone that evening either when we got home. I wanted him to fuck me all night. I wonder if any of your other readers can equal this record. I bet they can't.

Yours sincerely,

Janet.●

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(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)..... *MO*

the more authentic when one of us called out:

"If you see Kay....'

Once an old lady whom we were trying to shock stopped dead and told us what she thought of our behaviour. At the time we squirmed in embarrassment ourselves, and it was only afterwards that we realised that she must have played the same game herself when a little girl, or else how could she have known what we were up to?

Come to think of it, I haven't heard this sort of thing much among today's children, perhaps the whole business is dying out, along with so much else. More's the pity!

Mrs N.Q. Margate

Let's get on with it

May I take the opportunity to sound off against the so-called Sex Lobby? It may seem a bit paradoxical to write to a girlie magazine in order to lambast pornography, but there is a real difference between the good-natured, essentially humorous view of sex and the deathly serious mumbo-jumbo of the so called 'crusaders.'

Do we need university professors and the like to tell us what is good for us, or more to the point, to tell us that we ought to be complaining about the state of censorship in this country? Let's face it, most people are quite happy to go on doing what they've always done, which is to enjoy sex in its many forms without bothering about governments *or* 'reformers'. After all, what these people are really talking about is *pornography itself* and not the sex-lives of real people.

This country may well be less liberal than others in some respects, on the other hand we don't have it all bad when you think of some repressive regimes. What people basically want is to be left alone to get on with their own lives without being bothered about homosexuality or lesbianism, or any other 'specialist' interest .So why do we constantly have it all shoved down our throats? Whose interests are being served by Forum magazine for instance, to name but one publication that likes to think of itself as the arbiter of social attitudes?

Stuff all these Hampstead liberals, is what I say – keep the politics out of sex!

I.S. Bradford

A quick tumble

Living as I do in the traditional bedsit zone of West London, I get plenty of nookie, what with all the parties over the weekends, not to mention single girls in their own bedsits wanting to borrow teabags at all hours of the night.

But the most satisfying experience I've had since coming to live here (I'm from N.Z. originally) was the night I helped a woman old enough to be my mother back from the all-night laundromat. It's usually a crashing bore to have to spend an hour or so watching your shirts go round and round, so I was glad to start chatting to this woman who told me she lived on her own in a neighbouring square. She was English, well-spoken, and well into her forties, though pretty well-preserved for all that.

I didn't really fancy her, but offered to carry her washing home anyway, as a neighbourly thing to do. She insisted on making me some coffee when we got back to her flat, and one thing led to another, as they say in the Sunday papers. She told me she wasn't trying to seduce me, but she would show me her figure and let me make my own mind up.

Suffice it to say that what she lacked in youth she more than made up for in expertise, and the way she revealed her body was sheer poetry, stepping out of her stockings (yes, stockings!) and bra and exposing a body most women would pay to own at her age. She asked me if I liked oral, and soon we were doing sixty-nine over the side of her bed. Mature nookie, you can't beat it! we screwed several times before I went home, a well-satisfied antipodean. God bless English womanhood!

F.McK. London

Sexual horseplay

I don't know whether you would be interested in publishing a letter from a wife and mother who is faithful to her husband and doesn't indulge in any kind

of sexual horseplay, but perhaps my point of view might interest some of your female readers.

When I was a young woman, lesbianism was much more frowned on than it is nowadays, while heterosexuality seems almost abnormal. Although I was deeply attracted to a succession of girls of my own age, I never allowed myself to show my true feelings, with the result that there has always been something lacking in my emotional life. I love my husband and children deeply, and am glad I never 'came out', but sometimes I find myself capable of falling under the spell of a beautiful young woman (I am now thirty-eight).

So how do I attempt to satisfy my lesbian urges? I buy soft-porn magazines, of course! Since I live in a large town, it's easy for me to buy these magazines quite anonymously, and naturally I hide them very carefully at home, only taking them out for masturbatory purposes when I'm on my own for an evening. Strange to say, I'm not interested in photographs of bull-dykes going at each other with dildoes, so much as tasteful studies of nudes, exactly the kind of picture that excites most men. I love to see young women baring their bodies for the camera, in the full knowledge that they are going to be masturbated over by *both* sexes, for I am convinced there are plenty of women in a similar position to myself, who enjoy looking at female nudes without being active lesbians. It may only be a sort of safety valve, but I find it useful, at least.

P.C. Newcastle-upon-Tyne

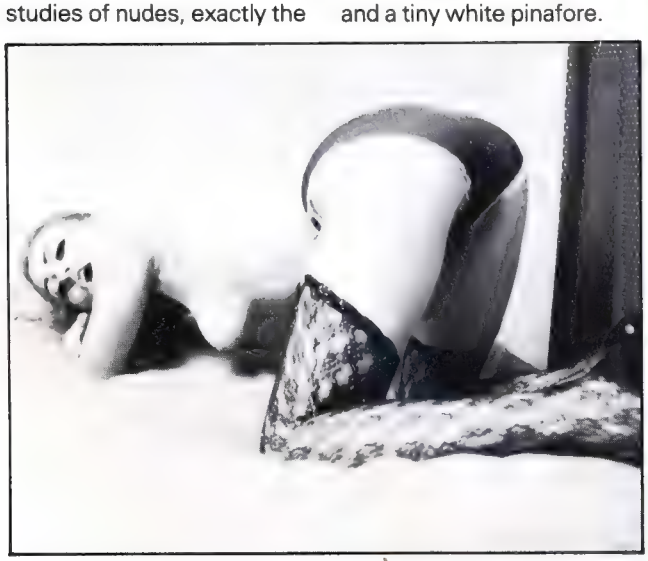
Home industry

For what it's worth, perhaps your readers would like to know how my wife and I liven things up in the bedroom. This all started several years ago, when my wife first found out that I was into skin-mags and decided that the time was ripe to put a bit of zing into our marriage. It worked for us, so it might be of use to others.

I always give the wife the housekeeping money as soon as I get my wages. It makes sense to sort things out in this way, and even though things are getting tighter and tighter lately, we have never been in debt. But that's beside the point; the main things is that nowadays my wife has to *earn* her housekeeping money!

When I come home on a Friday evening, I can look forward to sitting down to high tea in a warm, comfortable house. But unlike my mates at work, my high tea is served up by a woman dressed in an uplift bra that shows her nipples quite plainly, a suspender belt and black stockings – and a tiny white pinafore. This is none other than my loving wife dressing up to earn the housekeeping money, and some Fridays it is all I can do to finish my meal, I am that randy just at the sight of her.

After eating I like to relax with a pipe in front of the fire, and my wife brings me the pipe and tobacco jar and a small tot of whisky. Then we discuss the 'terms' for



Home industry: 'My wife is charging me £10 for oral sex'

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A GIRL IN EVERY PORT

Every port has its whores. In the second part of his special report on the State of Sex in Britain, James Ross interviews the girls who bring quick satisfaction to sailors on shore leave.

The Petty Officer was sun-tanned and healthy from a stint in the Indian Ocean, and his wallet was full for his first home leave in months. The girl was a bit young for him but pretty in a fresh-faced way, and, by the cleavage in her soft silk blouse, didn't need a bra for her high, rounded breasts. From the moment they'd begun chatting in the Portsmouth bar, the Petty Officer had been sure he was onto a good thing. When he suggested a short stroll in the darkened pub garden, the girl was happy to oblige. It was only as they got off their bar stools that she put up a restraining hand. "I've got this problem with my rent," she said quietly. "So it's a tenner if we stand up, and fifteen lying down. Is that alright?"

Laughter and the thump of a record player filtered up the companionway from the lower mess deck as the young merchant seaman swung open the deck hatchway and stepped eagerly inside. Behind him the North Sea was like a millpond under the stars; Aberdeen was an hour gone and it would be several more before the supply vessel docked with the oil rig they were heading for. Hurrying below decks, the seaman jerked open the mess room door. Half a dozen men, most in their underpants, were clustered in the noisy, smoke-filled cabin. Lying on her back on a towel-draped table in the middle of them was a slim, heavy-breasted brunette in her late twenties. She was naked and she was jerking her thighs in rythmn with a trouserless middle-aged man who lay between them. "Hello mate," she turned her head and grinned at the new arrival. "Come to join the queue, have you?"

The young Norwegian deckhand was new to England and the money he had just been paid off with at the dockside was to provide him with an extended holiday. For the moment, however, he needed a hotel, a bath, then a good night out. When the taxi he'd ordered from the first English pub he'd visited turned up to collect him, he was surprised to find the driver was an attractive blonde in her mid-twenties. It gave him a good excuse to try out his English. "So you're looking for a nice girl?" his driver asked, smiling at him in the rear mirror. "How do you fancy me?" Grinning back, the deckhand nodded. The car pulled over into a dark alleyway, stopped and the blonde climbed into the back with her disbelieving passenger. Her hand went straight to his fly. "It's a fiver for a mouth-job, ten for the lot," she said, "but I only drop my knickers and there's still the fare on top."

Sailors have been traditional targets for women with sex for sale – on a professional or amateur basis – since men first took to the water. A life on the ocean wave and voyages to far off places may sound romantic but for most seamen it also means long periods of enforced sexual abstinence. When they reach port they're only too eager to vent their pent-up frustrations, and, often with weeks of un-spent wages in their pockets, they're more capable than most of paying for that relief.

But if the 'romance of the sea' has its sour side for men, it can also have its attractions – for women.

"My father and my uncle were at sea," says 32-year-old Mary, a mother of two who lives in the Portsmouth area, "so it was sort of inevitable I'd marry a bloke in that line; I couldn't take a man out of uniform or a sailor's jersey seriously. What I didn't count on, though, was the time he spent away. I never mean to stray when he's off – I honestly don't think I would if he was there all the time – but it somehow just happens. I do like to go out at least once a week, just for a drink and a laugh, and you can't help meeting blokes that way; if you like someone's company and they want it, you can't keep saying no for ever, can you? What's one bunk-up? It's only sex, after all.

"The first time it happened was really my sister's fault. She's been divorced twice and she thinks I'm crazy to live the way I do – at home all day. She was always on at me to go out with her, so one Saturday I did. We were only going to have a quiet drink but we ended up with these two blokes off a frigate. They were a bit young, I thought, but full of fun and tall stories – that's what I liked about my husband; half of it you know is a pack of lies but you enjoy it anyway. Audrey, my sister, was obviously dead keen on the fellow she was talking to – I could see where they were going to end up. Mine was quieter, though, but he was nicer-looking, I thought, with a little beard like my husband. He just seemed friendly and chatty, which was alright by me.

"After the pub closed we were walking around near the docks, looking for some drinking club the men knew. Audrey was arm in arm with her bloke; we were all fairly tipsy. Then I looked round and they'd vanished. We were going down this dark little street of old shops. My bloke and I stopped, and we heard this panting; we walked back a bit and then I saw them in this doorway. Aud had her coat open with her bloke feeling around inside; then he pulled her leg up to his waist and he began humping. I knew I should have felt disgusted – I've always disapproved of her – but the thought of them just doing it like that in the street, even if it was dark, just made me go all trembly and queasy.

"My bloke put his arm round my shoulder and pulled me away. I don't know where we went but we ended up in this little passageway where there was some kind of old-fashioned shop – jewellery, I think – and we stopped there. It was very dark; you couldn't see anything in the shop window, and he still had his arm round me. Then he just turned me round and we started kissing. I was so trembly I thought my knees would go. I remember thinking, 'Bert'll kill me, Bert'll kill me,' but I didn't do a thing.

"His hands moved under my skirt and started pulling at my tights. I think I did object to that, but he said it was alright, he wouldn't have me if I didn't want it. Then he got the sides of my knickers and the lot came down. But instead of touching me he stuck his head under my skirt and the next thing I knew was his beard rubbing against my pubics and then his tongue flickering out into me. I thought the top of my head was coming off. I'd never had that done to me before. I remember staggering back against the shop doorway, pulling him with me and grinding my hips into his face, pressing his chin into me. I pretty nearly came while that was happening.

"Then he started to get up, nuzzling his head inside my coat, and his fingers came up between my legs and he was playing with me and pushing them into my crack. I don't know how many there were but eventually he was kissing my neck and my face and I felt something bigger in me, which had to be his prick. He told me to put my arms around his neck and then he lifted me with his hands under my bottom and he came right into me. It didn't last very long – I think I was a bit big for him – but he made me come and I felt him spurt inside me; I don't always feel that.

"Then we sort of slumped down and he said he had to get back to his ship because they had a late sailing or something. And he kissed me on the cheek and pressed some notes into my hand – I saw later it was thirty quid in fivers.

"It's happened about half a dozen times since then, on and off, usually when I go out with Aud and sometimes with another friend. I never bring them home because of the kids and the neighbours; we normally go in the backs of cars or to a hotel if they've got one, which is better. I think I've only ever asked for money once – they just seem to assume you're going to want it. And it's always with a sailor or someone off a boat. I just like them and in a way I feel I'm being more loyal to Bert."

Many women, however, have a much more business-like attitude to the seafaring trade. Pat is a tall, leggy brunette, nearing thirty, who first entered the profession of male entertainment in the Bristol area.

"I was working evenings for an escort agency when I was a secretary and most of the time I was fucking the clients; it was what was expected. Then I realised I just wasn't making the money where I was, and I decided I'd go to London. But I met this girl – only a kid – who'd gone up to Aberdeen by boat. Apparently she'd been smuggled on board this coastal ship, carrying wood or something, by a boyfriend. The trip had taken nearly a week but the whole crew had fucked her rotten; she'd just gone from cabin to cabin. It had been a bit rough but they'd been quite generous. Then in Aberdeen she'd met fellows off the rigs, oilmen and even divers who were making a fortune and her name had just been passed on. She'd made a packet, so I thought 'right, that's for me,' and I got on the train.

"I've been here nearly six months

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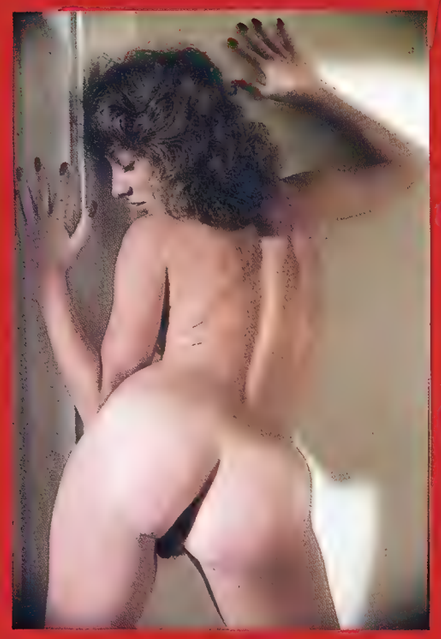
Melanie

Melanie, 36-24-36, 28, Hampshire.
"I'm not a full time model. I work as the manageress of a shop but when a friendly photographer comes along I love exhibiting my body. For a housewife I don't look bad do I? My tits look great. I love disco – that's what keeps my body in good shape. You can imagine why my husband's always slipping his hand up my skirt. I love showers. The tingle of the water arouses me. I sometimes have orgasms showering. I'm very physically orientated. – *Melanie*



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now. The weather's foul but with the money I'm making I'm trying not to notice. I started with an escort agency, which I still work for occasionally, but most of the time I work with three other girls I've got to know. We each have our contacts, usually on different rigs or with guys in different companies, so that our names get passed round. I've also started stripping because a couple of the other girls were already doing it and it seemed daft to waste things like stag do's; I quite enjoy that now, I've always been good at dancing – I even won a medal for it at school! Stripping's really just a question of getting into the right mood and having the odd little trick is a help too – I do this thing with a silk scarf I pull between my legs; I make it look as if it's going to vanish, which is easy for me because I'm quite prominent down there. The girls and I have also worked out double and triple lesbian routines, which are very popular. Those count as an extra if we're booked through an agency; it's some kind of legal thing – we have to be 'persuaded' with a whip-round, which is all extra money anyway. Or some of the guys will come up to you and give you a bundle to play up to someone in the audience – that happens a lot with fellows who are getting married.

"I remember once at a stag party upstairs in a pub we'd just had a whip-round for three of us to do a lesbian act and some fellows came over and offered us another fifty to rope in the young guy whose do it was; we had to get him up on stage and do the lot. It was a total scream. He wasn't bad-looking but they'd been filling him full of booze all evening. He was right in the front row by the platform we were on. Apparently his favourite was a girl called Bernice – that was just her stage name for that evening; she was a little blonde with enormous tits, but very firm. Normally we strip each other but this time we got Bernice to kneel right in front of him. I was on one side and Sylvia, this little dark-haired girl, was on the other. First we undid Bernice's bra and sort of offered her tits to him. Then we got him to untie her pants – there were little bows either side – with his teeth. The place was in uproar; I don't think he could even focus properly. Then Bee's pants came away in his mouth, and she was grinding her pubes in his face. He was trying to lick her and then all his mates started to push him and we dragged him onto the platform. He was just falling about – I really don't think he knew what was happening. We were all stripped by now and we just did our act round him and over him; Bernice was pushing her tits in his face and making him lick them, Sylvia was rubbing herself against his back and I had my head in his lap, trying to get some life into his cock. Eventually I got him hard and Bernice came and massaged him between her tits to keep him going. Then she got on top of him and Sylvia was tonguing his balls and his arse while I was wanking him, trying to keep his cock straight and get it into Bernice's cunt. We did at last – there was this enormous cheer! And he came almost at once, thank God – I don't think we've ever worked so hard before.

"We do quite a bit actually on board the boats in harbour, though they tend to be private jobs – most times we're not supposed to be there. Sometimes we just have to turn up for a party and it's agreed you'll go off with blokes during the evening, for quickies in their cabins. Othertimes we'll do a show and there'll be somewhere set aside afterwards for guys who want to fuck you. But you've got to be careful – especially when you're on your own; you agree

« Most blokes want to see a nice-looking girl get a good shagging »

to have two or three blokes and you suddenly find the whole crew queueing up outside. What's worst is if they set sail and then you're really in the shit because technically you're a stowaway and you end up hiding away downstairs, fucking everyone in sight in case they let anyone in charge know you're there. That's only happed to me once – and that was just a short trip out to a rig and back, thank God.

It was really my own fault because the guy who got me on board sounded a bit odd to me but I still went on my own. Normally blokes are fairly round-a-bout when they ring me up – it's always, 'We'd like a show, and bit of fun after' or 'We'd like you to see to a couple of the lads', things like that, but this fellow was straight down the line; he wanted a full sex show with a strip and the vibrator and a demonstration with one of the lads. I didn't object to that. Fucking in public doesn't bother me; mostly it's a waste of time because the fellow's too embarrassed in front of his mates or he can't get it up. But if the guy's not too bad to look at and he's got a good hard prick and he's willing to do a bit more than straight cop I think it can look alright and be a good turn-on, which is good for business afterwards. I reckon most blokes want to watch a nice-looking girl get a good shagging, but it's got to be done properly, not just farting around with limp dicks.

"Anyway I turned up at this boat about ten and got taken down to the mess room where about half a dozen blokes were waiting all shiny-eyed and tanked-up. The place was tiny and they were all packed round this little table where I was supposed to work. Standing on it my head practically touched the ceiling. But they all seemed friendly and a bit shy, as usual. So I got into a little cabin at the side and changed into my stockings and suspenders and my baby doll top and they got the music started and we were off.

"The only good thing about a really tiny space, when you're literally standing next to the blokes, is that you get them to strip you which gets them involved quickly and breaks the ice. You get one to unclip your bra and another to roll down a stocking. Then when they start to take liberties you get all hoity-toity and they get embarrassed which makes their mates laugh. As if *you* can act outraged when you're waving a bare tit in their faces!

"Eventually I was stripped right off and the temperature was really hot – you just know when you've got them in the palm of your hand. And I started with the vibrator, nothing too heavy because that can put them off – I always chat and joke while I do an act. Then I gave it to the youngest bloke there – that's always a good move – and got him to run over me with it, doing my mock-ecstasy bit, though still jokily. I could feel the atmosphere change then. All the flies were bulging – especially one older guy at the back, who was rubbing himself like crazy. So I looked and grinned and said, 'Having a good time, grandad?' and he goes like a beetroot and there's a kind of nervous titter. So I say, 'Don't stop for me, love. That's what we're for, isn't it? We all want a good time, don't we? I like to see man enjoy himself.' Then I twisted round and got down in front of the young guy and said, 'Let's see what you've got to play with, love, eh?' And before he could move away, I reached up and unzipped his flies and his cock peeped out the top of his underpants. I just dug my hand inside and scooped him out and held him under the balls. I said, 'That's a nice looking one, isn't it? I'd like to give that a little kiss.' And I bent and just pecked the top of it and he burst in my face – quite a lot too. That raised a laugh. 'I didn't ask you to spit at me,' I said. Then I turned quickly to another bloke, a bit older with a trouser front that looked as if it was about to explode, and I rubbed my hand

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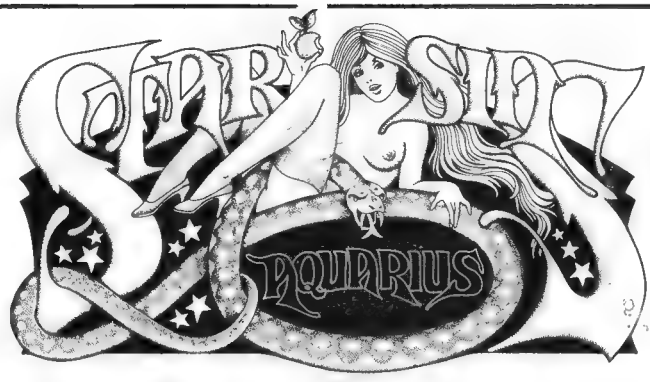


The Aquarian is the proud possessor of the most *progressive* pussy of the Zodiac – the Fanny of the Future. She is always said to be ten years ahead of her time – and she certainly has the most liberated labia to prove it (their motto: "We Never Close"!).

Not that her basic sex-drive breaks any records, but to her the most important thing in life is making new friends, and her mind draws no dividing line between getting to know someone's mind and getting to know someone's body. She also reasons that if she is going to explore the mind of one friend one night, exchanging ideas on the distribution of wealth or the pros and cons of capital punishment, and then the next night explore the mind of a different friend, then she is just as free to explore the *body* of one friend one night, learning about new techniques, different scenes and variations, and exchanging personal likes and dislikes, and then explore the body of a *different* friend next night. Not that she'd ever accept being called *promiscuous*! She simply tells you that she has not got the moral or emotional hang-ups about sex that everyone else seems to have – she's not a lust-crazed nymphomaniac; she's just 'laid back' and 'open'! Which is just fine: if you can lay her back and open her up any day of the week, what does it matter what she calls herself?

I doesn't usually take too much to pick out the Aquarian woman from a crowd. Being a passionate non-conformist, she'll always tend to dress *against* the current fashion trends. And if curly hair is in vogue, she'll wear her typically sandy-coloured hair geometrically straight, or if everyone's growing their hair she'll have hers cut short! She seldom has weight problems, but her slender frame is often topped by unusually broad shoulders. She has a sparklingly clear complexion and a fresh, open expression with the most friendly, exciting and *inviting* eyes of the Zodiac. It's an invitation few men can turn down!

Although her astrological erogenous zone is her ankles, which are especially sensitive to any kind of stimulation, the Aquarian is really a massage freak. She loves you gently to stroke and caress the whole surface of her skin. She'll writhe and squirm in ecstasy, moaning for more, for as long as you can keep it up. You can *never* take too long, and she will relish every minute of it – even if, for some reason, you don't screw her afterwards (e.g. if World War Three breaks out, or something like that!). She is not the most explosively orgasmic of women. Unlike the Arien woman, who comes like a steam engine and only needs ten minutes from start to finish, the Aquarian likes to linger longer on a Cloud Nine sexual plateau, and then gets a kind of mental orgasm watching *you* build up to your crashing climax.

But there is one way you can have her thrashing away in uncontrollable frenzy. Pay a visit to your local sexshop! She's a sucker for the electronic gadgetry and sex aids that the technology of the Age of Aquarius has developed. Strap an electric vibrator to your hand as you give her a full body treatment, and you'll have her Aquarian cunt creaming for you quicker than you can say "Uranus is your Ruler"! And it gives her such unbelievably mind-blowing sensations that an Aquarian can often burst into tears and cry at this point – but don't be put off. Seeing her shed soft, orgasmic tears is the best sign you can have that you're doing it right, and that she'll be back for more!

She is definitely a proposition worth trying out. Completely uninhibited and crotch-warmingly generous in bed, she will do anything to get your pulsating purple prick pumping away up her pussy that much longer and more energetically so she can see a happier look of Seventh Heaven serenity on your face afterwards.

Strangely, more whores seem to be born under the Sign of Aquarius than under any other – something to do with their humanitarian love for mankind, and their quest to help 'unhappy, unloved' people. That's the sort of charity a man can appreciate! Some Aquarian prostitutes are so generous, they'll give you an extra hour for *free*, just because they take a fancy to you. And that is *rare* for street-walkers.

The Aquarian makes no excuses – she has to have freedom when she fucks. There's nothing, for example, that the Taurean woman loves more than wallowing in close, sensuous, sweaty screwing. But the Aquarian can't take restriction of any kind (and that includes your red silk ribbon number on your Four-Poster!). So pamper her pussy with postures that don't smother her.

The biggest turn-on for her is to get you stripped down and ready for action, but still standing up; she twines her arms gently round your neck, and as you clasp her plump buttocks between your hands to support her weight, she wraps first one, then the other leg round your waist (or over your elbows to get you in deeper) and then teasingly sinks her juicy jampot down onto your joint. She then gets you charging noisily round the house (or garden, or beach, or Hyde Park – wherever you happen to be!), keeping her cunt relentlessly clamped round your cock. She'll soon be making you delirious, milking you dry as her mounting excitement energises the muscles of her glistening love-tunnel into uncontrollable spasms . . .It can be a bit of a knee-trembler, but Aquarians tend to be built lighter than the average!●

«She'll writhe and squirm in ecstasy, moaning for more, for as long as you can keep it up.»

Graphics by Russell Barnett

THE MALTESE PARROT

(A Doug Deep mystery)

Take an ex-wife with big tits, an exploding salami and a bent copper and the mixture spells trouble. By Chandler McDonald

When you walk into a room and there's a blonde lying on your sofa with a cigarette in one hand and a .45 in the other the last thing on your mind is the size of her tits. Well it might be the last thing on *your* mind, but it wasn't the last thing on mine. I *like* tits. But I couldn't get a really good look at them because the gorilla standing behind her was shining a torch in my face. He had a Chicago Piano casually crooked in his arm that reminded me of the old days with 'Hen-Peck' and the boys. I lit a cigarette myself, and the smoke drifted up to the dirty ceiling in writhing blue clouds. It tasted like shit. Goddam cork-tips! Can't tell one end from the other in the dark. Come to think of it, that's why 'Cherry-Lips' divorced me. Funny I should think of her. Crazy Dame!

When the Big Guy with a nose like a trodden-on dog turd switched the light on I realised why I had thought of my ex-wife. The blonde on the sofa *was* my ex-wife.

"Baby," I said, between coughs, "What a terrific surprise!"

As I moved towards her to say hello properly her finger tightened almost imperceptibly on the trigger. Almost. But enough for me to see that she meant business.

"What's the artillery for, honey?" I asked.

"For shooting people, mutton-head," she spat.

"Aw, come on, sugar, you ain't gonna plug me, are you?"

"Of course not. *He* is."

I was getting sore. Feet that is. I'd been walking the streets all day trying to find some society dame's poodle. In the end I found a kid walking one that looked just like it, or enough to pass anyway. So I zapped him and took it. I wish I'd thought of that in the first place. It would have been the easiest fifty bucks I'd ever made.

"Okay, baby, you've caught my attention," I said casually, trying to keep the fear out of my voice. "What's this all about?"

"You're goin' to take a liddle ride wid me," grunted Turd-face.

"Am I? And will I be coming back?"

"That depends on whether you believe in reincarnation, *Sugar.*" There was a strange, evil edge to Cherry-lips' voice as she said this. I could have sworn she was being sarcastic. She laughed satanically at her own joke, and Turd-face slobbered. I think he was laughing too, but I wasn't sure what at, because he sure as Hell didn't know what reincarnation meant. Nor did I, for that matter, but it sounded ominous.

"Oh bugger," Cherry-lips snapped.

"What, now?" I asked hopefully. I thought she was going to fill me full of holes there and then for a moment. The heater pointed straight at my ribs.

"I was cursing, not making a request," she snarled. I wondered why. It had something to do with the gorilla, I realised. He was getting more and more carried away. The tears were running down what passed for his face.

"Fart! Control yourself, for Pete's sake. This is a small room!"

Fart? Funny name, I thought. Probably of German origin. But then I found out different. A stink like a dozen deserted abbatoirs permeated the atmosphere. This was my chance. Cherry-lips was wrinkling her nose in disgust, and her eyes, like mine, were filled with tears. For a split-second her concentration wavered, and I made my move. My body had been coiling itself like a steel spring, and now the sprang sprang – I mean the sprang spring – oh shit – you know what I mean. With an audible twang! I leapt across the space between us, knowing that if I didn't get it right first time I wouldn't get a second chance, because my suspenders had snapped and my pants were about to fall about my ankles. But I did get it right. I landed on my knees at the precise spot I aimed for – the worn patch of carpet near her feet.

"Mercy!" I screamed, "Mercy! You can't kill me. I'm too young to die. Please don't let him kill me!"

I knew I had struck the right chord (I don't know what a musician would call it, but it was very high pitched). She never could resist my whining. It brought out the butch in her.

"You miserable snivelling, cowardly worm!" she said kindly. Well, almost kindly. At least, her voice didn't have the granite edge to it. There might even have been a tinge of regret in there somewhere. Perhaps she missed those long, passionate nights in the coal bunker.

'Fart' was recovering, and he seemed none too pleased when he realised what had happened. I could tell he was unhappy, because the Piano began to spit lead. The slugs stitched a neat row of holes across the room, punctuating the graffiti on the stained wallpaper and spraying us with water and broken glass as the goldfish cashed his chips. That got me really mad. I used to talk to that goldfish after a few fingers of Redeye. In fact I used to talk to that goldfish *before* a few fingers of Redeye. He was the only real friend I had. And now I'd never know why he didn't drink water like other goldfish. I slipped my free hand into the vest pocket where the little .22 disguised as a packet of condoms nestled, and making damned sure Cherry-lips was between me and him, I let him have it. Or I would have, if I hadn't picked the wrong pocket and got the wrong packet. No, it wasn't the pocket that was wrong – it was the packet. The pocket was in its usual place. I'd pocketed the packet I wanted to pick in another pocket.

I was in a jam all right. Fart had stopped ventilating the furniture and

Illustration by Colin Elgie

was about to ventilate me, and all I had to defend myself with was a bar of laxative chocolate, which I pointed at him anyway in the hope that he was short-sighted. He froze. He was obviously terrified of laxative chocolate. The piano dropped from his nerveless fingers, and I stretched out my other hand for it. There was a moan of protest from Cherry-lips, from between whose widely-spread legs the hand was removed with a sound like a sink-plunger clearing a blockage. I hadn't realised what I'd been doing, but it didn't matter anyhow, because I didn't dare put the chocolate down. Fart backed towards the door under the twin threats. I wondered what would happen if I threw the Ex-Lax at him, thought better of it, and let him go. I could hear the pounding of his feet down the stairs as I turned my attention back to Cherry-lips, who was lying back frigging herself energetically. I was all ready for action, as my pants had obligingly fallen down of their own accord when I'd stood up.

It was then that I noticed what she was frigging herself with. She always did like to live dangerously, but if the damned thing went off . . . . .

"Hey, cut that out. I'll fetch the Salami."

"Oh, yes . . . yes . . . the Salami . . . please." She gasped. She always was a sucker for the Salami.

Later, as we lay exhausted in the remains of the furniture, I asked her why she had come.

"I always do. Several times in fact. It's the Salami. It does something to me."

Yeah, I thought. Makes you smell like an Italian sausage.

"I mean why did you come here."

"I didn't, I came on the sofa. And on the kitchen table . . . . oh, and against . . . ."

The old grey matter worked overtime. She was either a fucking sight more stupid than I thought, or she was being evasive. I was sure it was the latter. I debated whether to give her a smack in the mouth or a slug from the .45, and the smack in the mouth won. But I decided to smack her in the mouth *with* the .45 to make sure she wouldn't be able to hit me back. Just as I was about to do so, the door burst open, and a shape I recognised dressed in a dirty brown raincoat and a turned-down fedora stumbled into the room. That dumb cop always did have bad timing.

"Ah. Have you met my friend, Officer O'Shaughnessy?" I asked Cherry-lips.

"I don't think I've had the pleasure," she said, rising to her feet and holding her hand out. It was the one with the Salami in it.

"Somebody sure has, judging from the state you're in," observed the cop drily. "Salami – thanks very much. I haven't eaten anything since breakfast By the Cardinal's golden balls, will you look at the state of this place! Has World War Three started?"

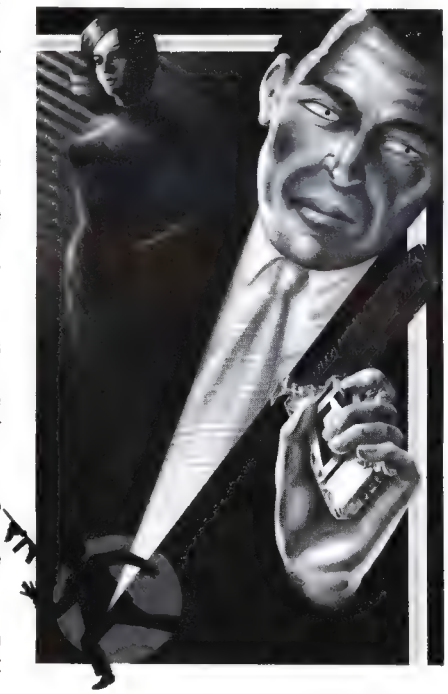
"Why, do you want to be first down the subway?" I threw back.

The cretinous copper grinned, displaying a row of perfect-looking teeth, marred only by bits of Salami. He'd got the teeth from a pawn-shop on Forty Second Street after an argument with a trash-can lid in a brawl on the sidewalk.

"Hey, this Salami's great. I've never tasted anything like it. Got a flavour all its own."

"Well, not entirely its own," I said with a straight face. Cherry-lips laughed. She looked real nice when she laughed, and I had the feeling she hadn't been doing too much of it recently.

"Is this a business call, or did you just drop in for a snack?" I enquired innocently.



«All I had to defend myself with was a bar of laxative chocolate»

"You know what I'm here for, so why don't you just hand it over and save us both a lot of trouble?"

"Oh, it's about that ticket for parking next to the fire hydrant," I was bluffing and he knew it. Business was bad and I hadn't had a car for a year or more.

"Trying to be funny, eh? It's the Maltese Parrot I'm after, Shamus. If you haven't got what I want here you know where it is, so why not be a good boy and co-operate – unless you fancy a trip downtown?"

I shuddered. The last time he'd got me down there I'd had the living daylights knocked out of me in that soundproofed cell of theirs. The one with the bright lights and wall-to-wall rubber hoses. It was fun, but I wouldn't want to make a habit of it. Maltese Parrot? What the fuck was he talking about? I looked at Cherry-lips. She had gone pale. She knew something I didn't. But what? I decided to bluff some more.

"Of course it isn't here. Would I keep something that valuable in a dump like this?"

O'Shaughnessy surveyed the carnage. "I wouldn't keep my garbage in a dump like this."

I bit my lip. My fingers tightened on the trigger of the .45, which I'd managed to hide under what was left of a cushion. I itched to put a slug right in the middle of that fat face of his, but the apartment was in enough of a mess already. Instead I told him to come back in two hours and I'd have what he wanted waiting for him. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the puzzled look on Cherry-lips' face.

"No deal. I'll come with you to get it. Just in case you suddenly decide to take a vacation in Cuba."

Cuba? What did Cuba have to do with The Maltese Parrot? I mean the obvious place to go if you were looking for a Maltese Parrot would be Malta, wouldn't it? What would I want to go to Cuba for? Full of goddamned commies, Cuba.

Suddenly I had an idea.

"Do you still wear those special short pants?" I asked him.

He blanched and went white. "I don't know what you're talking about." But I noticed he instinctively checked his raincoat buttons, so I pressed my advantage further.

"Yes you do. The pants that need extra long suspenders to keep them up because they start at the knees and end at the ankles."

Cherry-lips took the hint. "Leave the nice policeman alone," she told me. "You know I've got a soft spot for policeman."

It certainly *was* soft. I could vouch for that. She went over to the cop and took his arm. "Why don't you take your coat off and make yourself at home," she purred.

O'Shaughnessy leapt back like a scalded cat.

"Keep your filthy female hands to yourself," he yelled, and scuttled towards the door, keeping a tight grip on the folds of his raincoat as he went. His voice echoed up the stairs. "I'll be back!"

He would, too, just as soon as he'd been home and changed into regulation police pants. I didn't have much time.

"Okay, baby, here's where the pussyfooting stops." I grabbed her wrist and pulled her towards me. Hard.

"Tell me, do you still shoot crap?" she whispered huskily. She was trying to change the subject and I wasn't having any.

"Sure, I tried shooting rabbits but they wouldn't stand still. Now where's the Maltese Parrot, Honey?"

She seemed genuinely surprised. "I thought you knew."

I snapped then. "Of course I don't know where the fucking Maltese Parrot is. I don't even know *what* the Maltese Parrot is. I don't know whether it's

arsehole or breakfast time."

"Both," she breathed.

I couldn't think of anything to say to that, so I slugged her. She fell backwards, not from the force of the blow but because she had slipped on the remains of the goldfish. She lay spreadeagled on the floor. It was a tempting sight, but I had to keep my mind on other things. I kicked her in the guts. That did it. I could hear her trying to say something. I leaned down. It was one word. Over and over again, but I couldn't make it out. I kicked her again, so she wouldn't forget, but this time in the leg, so that it wouldn't leave her breathless. I bent over her again. The word was much more distinct now. It was 'More!' Balls! I had forgotten! I'd have to try something else.

I leaned back and tried to figure it out while Cherry-Lips started crawling up my inside leg. My pants were too tight and she got stuck at my knee.

"I've got another Salami in the kitchen," I said slyly.

"Oh, God, yes, yes. I'll tell you anything you want to know. Bring it. Bring it!"

I did. I let her play around with it for a while to get her really worked up, then I snatched it away, threw it out of the window, and took her by the throat. "Now . . . . . ."

There was a fucking great bang from the street outside. I rushed to the window and looked out. The street looked like one of those fancy modern art paintings. The Salami had landed in the back of a passing garbage truck which had obviously been on its way back to the depot to unload. There was garbage everywhere. Several people were puking on the sidewalk, and Tony the barber was looking in amazement at a dead cat draped around his striped pole. A siren started up somewhere on the other side of the block, and the nosy old crow from next door was pointing up at me. Cherry-lips' eyes were wide with terror. They weren't the only ones.

"Christ! Let's get out of here!"

"Why?" asked Cherry-lips. "We haven't done anything wrong!"

I looked at her in disbelief. Nobody was that dumb!

"I've just blown up one of the city's garbage trucks, and *you* . . . . ."

"Me? What did *I* do?"

"You gave an exploding Salami to a cop, that's all. And he *ate* it!"

"Maybe. But didn't you see him slipping your bar of chocolate into his pocket?"

"You mean . . . . . ?"

"Yep. The bottom is about to fall out of Mr. O'Shaughnessy's world – or the other way around!"

On the way out I wondered about the exploding salami. Perhaps it didn't mean anything after all. Anyway, we'd be safe in the coalbunker. Maybe we'd find the Maltese Parrot there too – who cared? Life had been dull without Cherry-lips.●

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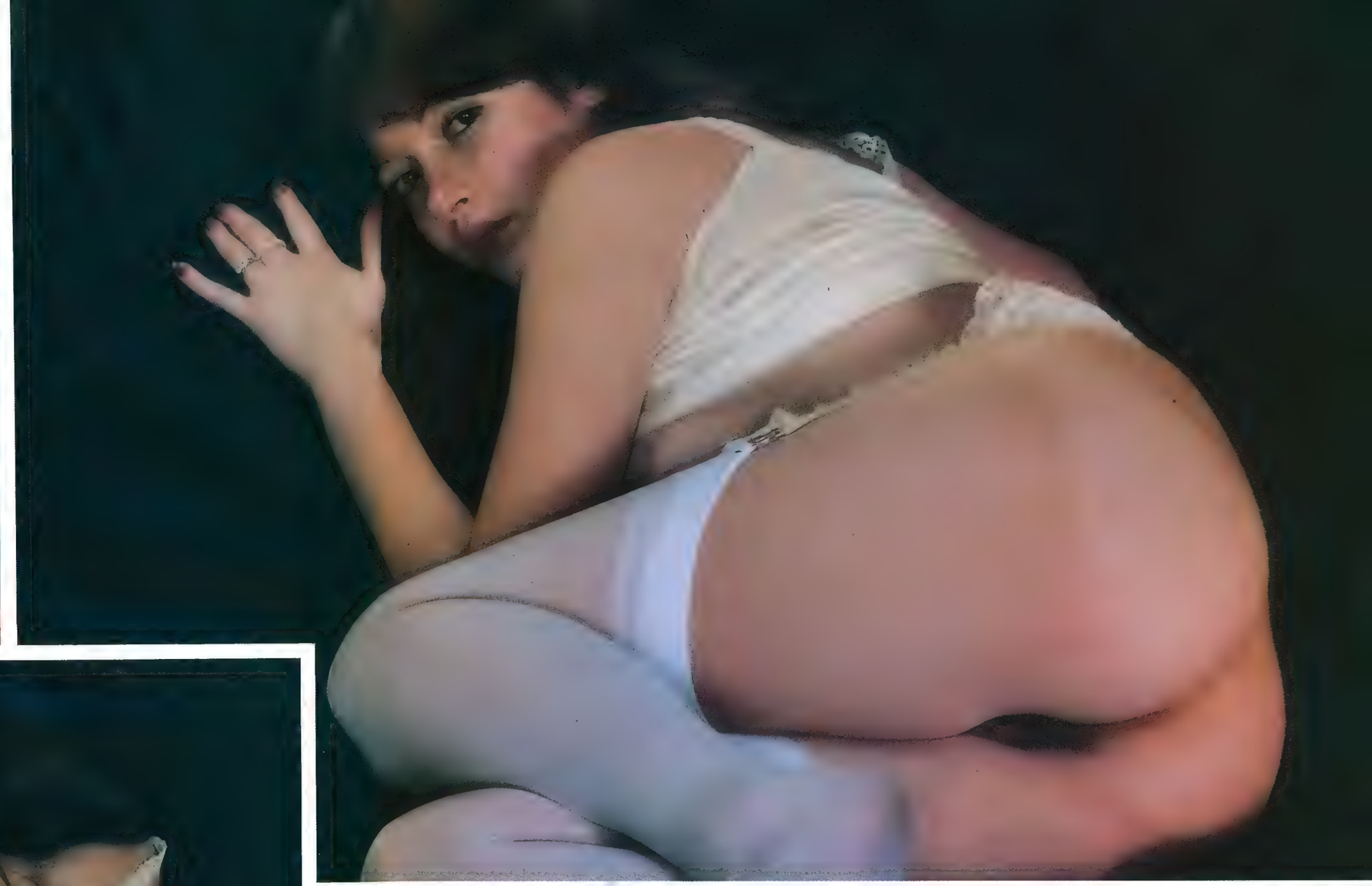
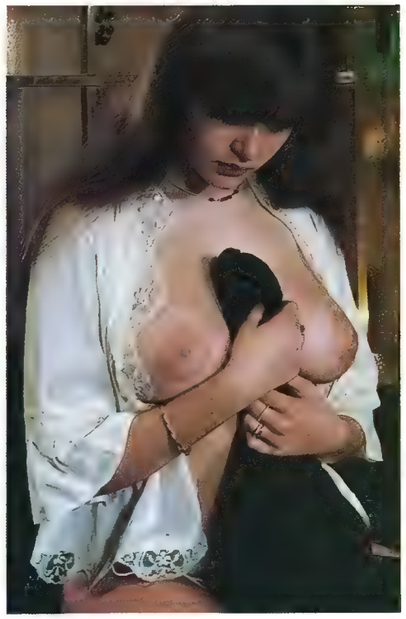
JACKIE

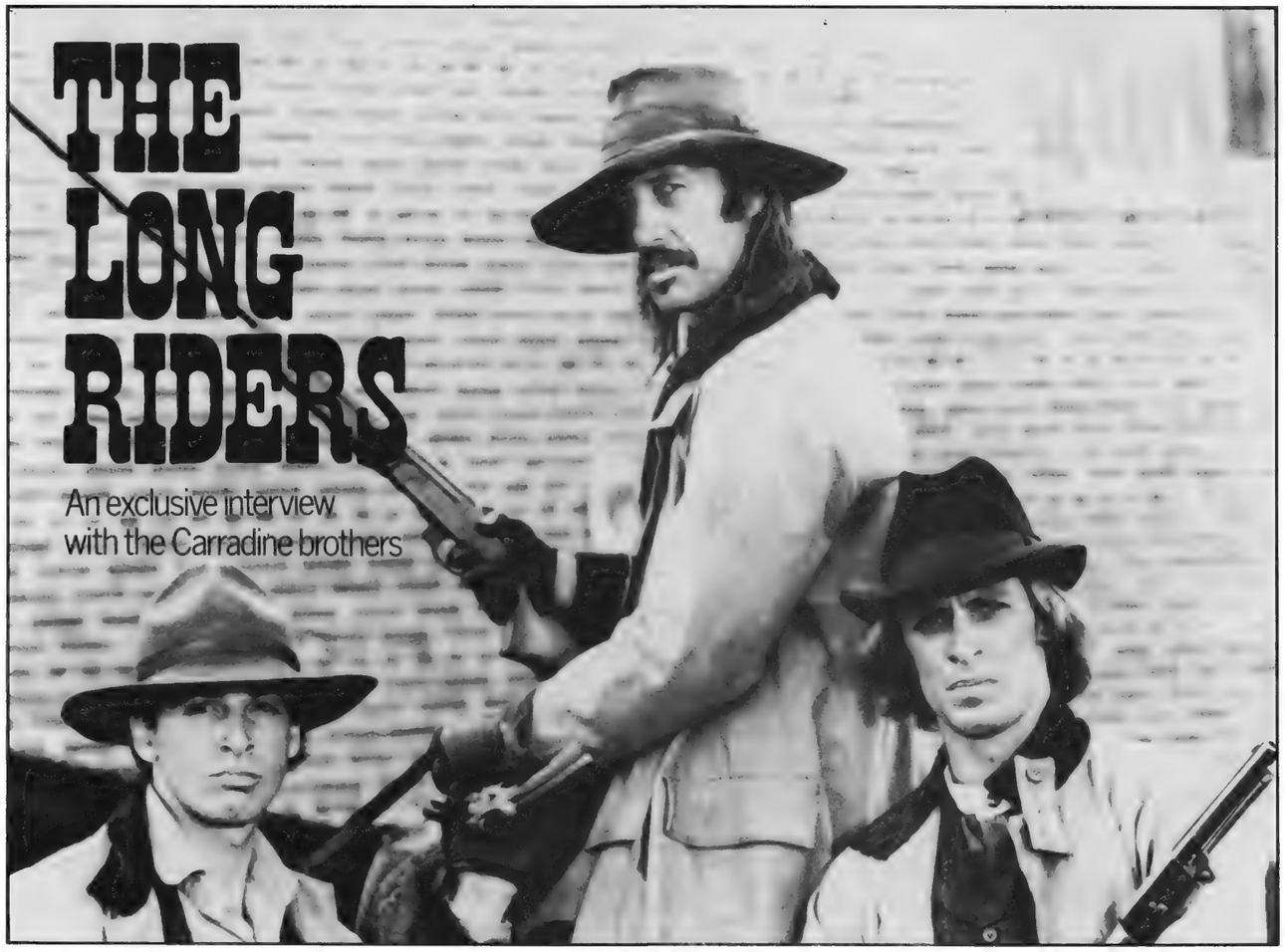
Jackie, 38-25-37, 19, Oxford. "Don't you think my bottom's a little bit plump? Why do I look so young and innocent? It's not fair. I'm a college student and I look more like a fifth form schoolgirl. I'm fed up with boyfriends trying to brother me instead of fuck me. I'd love to be fucked legless by a bunch of randy men – I really would. I want to look older and more sophisticated. Men just think I'm underage. The idea of making love to me terrifies them. Underneath I'm a sex maniac – still waters run deep and that malarkey – but I'm too shy to show it. I love to shock people but I suppose I'll end up as a housewife." – *Jackie*





THE LONG RIDERS

An exclusive interview with the Carradine brothers



If, like us, you thought the western had degenerated into a load of soap opera TV crap, you'll have loved The Long Riders *(United Artists). It's a macho western in the old style, which makes it the best cowboy fim since the Magnificent Seven.*

It was a chilly night at the Columbia Ranch in Hollywood and everywhere you looked were famous brothers. There was Stacy and Jim Keach, Randy and Dennis Quaid, Christopher and Nicholas Guest and David, Keith and Bobby Carradine, all starring in a new Western, *The Long Riders*, directed by Walter Hill.

Of course, the brothers were playing brothers. The film is the story of the Jesse James gang. The Keaches play Jesse and Frank James, the Quaids play the Millers, the Guests play the Fords and the Carradines are the Younger brothers.

"We're not doing it for cuteness," says Bobby Carradine, the 25-year-old junior among the acting Carradines. "And it's not coming out cute. This is a project that's been around a long while. At first, it was just that Stacy and Jim Keach were going to do the Jesse James story together – it was their idea – then I met Jim when we were making *The Hatfields and McCoys*."

"He told me about the Younger brothers who rode with the James gang. One of the Younger brothers' name was Bob, and it just happened he was the youngest of the Youngers. Jim said, 'that's a good part, you should play him'. Then we discussed getting Keith and David involved."

"At the time it sounded very far out, almost impossible that it could ever come together."

"I was the next to hear about it," says Keith Carradine, taking up the story, "when I worked with Jim Keach on *Welcome to LA*." At one point or another, just about every acting brother in Hollywood was going to be in the film – Jeff and Beau Bridges, the Bottoms' family.

The problem was co-ordinating individual schedules. Assembling a cast for any major film is a hit-and-miss affair. Arranging for nine brothers to be available at the same time turned out to be little short of a nightmare.

"We're all pissed off at having to do this," jokes David Carradine. "We've all turned down a lot of other work we'd rather do. In the end, it came down to the fact that we all felt worse not doing it than saying 'yes'."

"Besides," he adds, "Keith, Bobby and I decided doing the film was the only way we were going to get to see each other. Normally we're all off working in different places."

Even in a family business like the film industry, the Carradines are a phenomenon. For one thing, there's simply more of them than most – eight altogether, including half-brothers and step-brothers, plus father John Carradine, the veteran character actor (*Stagecoach, Grapes of Wrath* and numerous horror films).

At 73, John Carradine works steadily in the theatre. While he is titular head of the family, David Carradine, 42, seems to have taken over that role for the younger generation.

"Bobby and Keith both came to live with me when they were teenagers," he says. "And I helped them get started in the industry."

"Bobby and I grew up together and we have the same mother," says Keith Carradine. "We had a fairly normal sibling relationship, alternately loving and fighting. With David, we're 12 years apart in age and he became my mentor."

"I used to see more similarities between David and Keith than I do now," says Bobby. "In recent years, it seems like everybody's got their own spot, their own identity."

David Carradine has been a star since the late 1960s and the TV series, *Kung Fu*. A certified rebel and Hollywood outlaw *a la* Peter Fonda or Dennis Hopper, he was an archetypal sixties figure with his girlfriend, Barbara Seagull, their baby, Free, and a long-haired, pot-smoking alternative lifestyle that was the despair of the television executives.

When the *Kung Fu* series ended, he went on to star in exploitation films for Roger Corman and others (*Death Race 2000* etc.). "David's mellowed a lot," says an old friend. "He underwent a crisis when he was making *Bound for Glory* but the success of that film and meeting Linda changed his life." Linda is the ex-wife of singer Roger McGuinn, now married to David. *Bound for Glory* was the 1977 biography of folk singer Woody Guthrie which finally gained David acceptance as a serious actor.

Roles with Ingmar Bergman (*The Serpent's Egg*) and as Gaugin in a TV special followed.

Meanwhile Keith Carradine was carving out a career with director Robert Altman (*McCabe and Mrs Miller, Thieves Like Us, Nashville*), and a reputation as a womaniser he says is completely false.

"Keith has suffered for his good looks," says David, "and for the part he played in *Nashville*. He was so brilliant as the singer who used women" (he also won an Oscar for his song, *I'm Easy*) "that everyone assumed he must be like that in real life."

On the contrary, "I lived with the same person for eight years," Keith says. His relationship with actress Christina Raines ended recently. "I'd hesitate to strike up a relationship with an actress again," he goes on. "It's going to take me a little while to recoup in any case. I never anticipated we'd split up."

As actors, the Carradines are keen students and fans of each other's work.

"Bobby gives a very extreme performance in *Long Riders*," says David. "He's very comedic, super-juvenile, then in the action sequences he crosses over. You get the feeling of this happy teenager who's this super-professional bank robber at the same time."

"There's a marvellous moment when he gets shot for the first time. He went down and he started to call out my name – or my character's name in the film – screaming, 'Cole! Cole!'. It wasn't in the script at all."

"I just felt," says Bobby, "that here was this kid for whom riding with the James gang was a game, one big romantic escapade. Then he gets shot twice in a period of a minute and all of a sudden it isn't fun any more. The heroism drains out and he's a scared kid."

"I thought of that right before we filmed the scene. It seems like I do all my best work just before I have to work, really work. I go, 'oh boy, I'd better pay attention here, they're going to make a movie out of this!'"

He laughs and adds, "All I know is, if a piece of work feels good to you, then you're either way off base or right on."

Starting in films at 17 (in *The Cowboys* with John Wayne), Bobby had parts in *Orca* and *Aloha, Bobby and Rose* before his role as the catatonic ex-soldier in *Coming Home* brought him critical recognition. Last year, he made *Blackout* with Jim Mitchum and *The Big Red One* with Lee Marvin. "I do an average of a film a year," he says, "which is not enough."

All three Carradines agree that *The Long Riders* has been "a joy to make, one big happy family." On location in Georgia, the four sets of brothers would all go out to eat at local restaurants. "We were always ending up at these long banqueting tables," says David, "there were so many of us."

Then there were the nightly sing-songs around the hotel pool, led by the Carradines. David, Keith and Bobby all have parallel, if secondary careers as professional musicians.

"Making *Long Riders* is a total fantasy come true," says David. "I mean, getting paid to ride horses and shoot guns – it's a kid's idea of heaven."

"Actually," he continues, "making an action picture like this is the most difficult sort of acting. It's been very interesting. I'm used to it because I've always done action work, but I've seen the others change as they've gotten into it. One thing that helped a lot was, we organised a baseball team. Stacy and Jim Keach turned out to be great ballplayers. They were great ballplayers but they'd never used that in their performances before. I've watched them become much more physical actors."

"It's the difference between acting some character who can ride and acting as if you yourself can ride better than anyone else. Just letting go and trying to be the most eagle-like of anybody. That's what we were all out there doing. Just trying to look great!"

David Carradine used his own horse in the film. Keith is also an experienced rider and Bobby had received an intensive, two-month training before he made his first film (*The Cowboys*).

The three brothers also share a passion for machinery in all its forms.

"One of the springs in the gun they gave me broke before shooting started," Bobby says. "So I got some metal and filed it down and made a new spring. The gun's just broken again – but my spring is still OK."

In his 'other' life, Bobby has been a professional racing driver, competing in the 'Daytona 500' (on a recent visit to England, he got to drive James Hunt's Maclaren at Silverstone which he describes as "a high point. How many people in the world get to drive a Formula One car?"). He owns four motorbikes, Keith owns one and together with David (on Bobby's 'guest bike'), they'll take off for a weekend's touring with their sleeping bags on the back.

"Dad never stops working because when he does, he goes nuts," says Keith. "I go nuts too." He finds nature calms him, and he is a passionate hiker and skier.

There's no question that David's values – a kind of 1960s version of good old American self-reliance and uprightness – have affected both his brothers profoundly. Together, these three Carradines operate a unique mutual support system. Bobby describes how he "ran into a spot where I really wanted to talk to Keith and David. I'd signed to do *Big Red One*, then a very big film came along and they wanted me. I didn't know which to take. I spoke to my brothers and they both said, stay with *Big Red One*, first because it's your commitment and second it's a man's passion" (director Sam Fuller who had been trying to make the film for over 30 years) "whereas the other film is just a commercial package. And they were right."

The Carradines are male stars in the modern manner. They're not 'macho men', they are low-key and unaffected, even their extravagances are modest – motorbikes and guitars. They're a far cry from their flamboyant father with his yachts and his ex-wives, as well as his extraordinary record of having appeared in 456 films (only two other actors have ever surpassed him).

"Did you know Dad played Bob Ford in the original Jesse James film?" Keith asks. "David used to take a lot of stick for that when he was a kid. The other kids would accuse him, 'your dad shot Jesse James'."

These days, David finds himself "more and more interested in being a director or producer. I just don't feel that good fulfilling other people's fantasies."

In fact, he has made several low-budget films as a director, the latest an ambitious project on the life of Mata Hari, scheduled to take "about 10 more years work" and starring his 17-year-old daughter, Calista.

Back on the set, the Carradines, the Keaches and the Quaids rode up and down the same short stretch of Western Street, in and out of the fog from the smoke machines. Director Walter Hill, (*Driver, The Warriors*), a stocky, bearded man, strode around in his parka. I thought he might feel an outcast among all these brothers.

"Oh no," says David, "everyone wants to be loved by Walter. He gets more than his share. We're all reticent about foisting ourselves on him because he has a heavy load. But we all love to stand and talk to him."

"That's right," says Keith succinctly. "Walter is daddy!"

VIDEO REVIEW

Escort's Video Review page is your guide to the sexiest and best in home viewing.

3 A.M.
See what happens to a family left without a father. A difficult subject handled without any care at all which surprisingly makes it rather exciting viewing. Various visitors drift in and out of the family's sex lives, each contributing a new and ever more bizarre carnal activity to their enlarging armoury. Close to the edge. Rating: Raunchy.

EASY
Quite a raunchy offering in the CAL VISTA series starring Jesse St James as an unassuming high school teacher who is seduced by one of her rugged football playing students. Jesse makes her way through half the guys on the team and not surprisingly earns the nickname EASY! What it lacks in plot and credibility EASY makes up for in simulated but quite heavy action.

NAKED AFTERNOON
Thomasine is nineteen and completely uninhibited and incredibly seductive. Starting out as a masseuse in a Beverly Hills Spa, Thomasine spreads her legs on the casting couch of a Producer and a whole new shaft of inspiration enters her young life. On the way up our teenager savours the delights of every form of sex on her joyous voyage of exploration through lesbianism to straight sucking and fucking. Abigail Clayton is competent as Thomasine and desperately sexy.

ELECTRIC BLUE NUDE WIVES SPECIAL
Not to be confused with the awful parody of Electric Blue's nude wives section which is called AMATEUR NUDE WIVES SPECIAL and which is total rubbish from start to finish. The authentic ELECTRIC BLUE NUDE WIVES SPECIAL of which we speak features ALL NEW previously unseen wives and girlfriends submitted to ELECTRIC BLUE for inclusion on their hugely successful quarterly tapes. So much material has been generated by anxious E.B. subscribers desperate to see their wives in action before the public gaze that the producers have put out this special compilation on a strictly MAIL ORDER basis through the usual ELECTRIC BLUE advertisements. Featuring half a dozen delicious domestic damsels writhing in amateur ecstasy over the gas stove.

ERUPTION
The hugely endowed John Holmes is very much back in the saddle these days and ERUPTION is a reasonably extravagant suck-fuck piece about a double indemnity insurance swindle for the prize of $1,000,000. The general thrust of the story, if you'll forgive the phrase, leads Long John into a Mother/Daughter love triangle with John laying his mighty weapon in all directions in an effort to prove he's still the most watchable stud in skin flicks.

THE MUPPET MOVIE
At last this delightful film is available for the video freak. You can take the entertainment on two levels. You can watch it with your kids or if you usually subscribe to hotter material you may find all those weird outfits a turn on and start fancying Miss Piggy in true Mike Parkinson tradition. If you have offspring this is a must.

DIRTY HARRY
If you missed this piece of gratuitous violence at the cinema, settle down for a good evening as Clint Eastwood, among other things, blows the backside and undercarriage out of one particular hood who happens across the sights of his deadly cannon. Mouth stuffed with hamburger, he proceeds to mow down just about everyone in sight if they so much as jay-walk in his range of vision. The whole beauty of a Dirty Harry movie is that there is NO justification. Just lots of lead and buckets of ketchup.

THE OTHER SIDE OF JULIE
Every man's fantasy. Mike has a white Rolls Royce, palatial home and life style, plus a side-line which allows him unlimited sex with a steady stream of highly desirable young girls. The best scene is certainly provided by a nubile young swinger called Tippy who likes to be screwed in the front room with the curtains wide open to keep the neighbours thoroughly appraised.●

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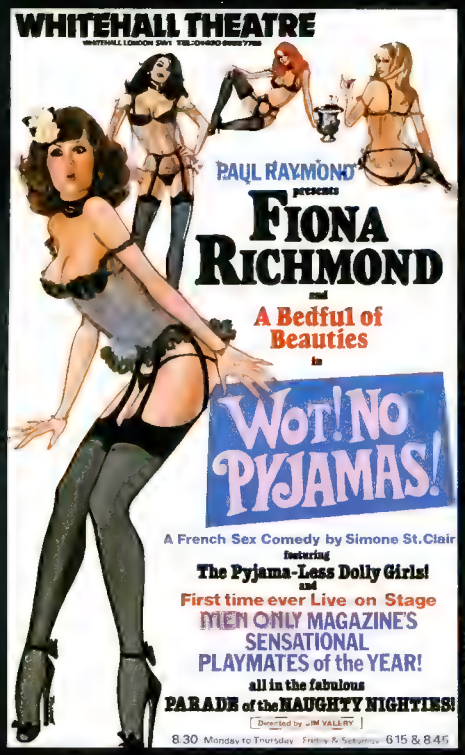

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All steamed up? This is where we pay you to get your pet hates off your chest

London Transport:
I hate those blasted little automatic gates which you have to shove your tube ticket into at tube stations. I hate the blasted evil wretched little objects because they're always damaged or broken and London Transport seems rarely able to bother to repair them.

I hate in these trying times, London Transport's obvious over-staffing, where you have so many spare ticket inspectors watching to make sure people have a ticket, that the automatic machines are a waste of time anyway and most of the uniformed staff on the stations just seem to stand around gawping at the girls.

I hate London Transport because of its inability to make its buses run on time or even guarantee the service they advertise. You haven't lived until you've waited forty minutes for a bus which should arrive every twelve minutes, only to see three or four of the bastards leapfrogging through the traffic. Where have they been? Probably playing cards at the local depot.

And why can't conductors change a £1 note? it always seems such a hassle and yet average fares are around 40p to 50p so why do I get cold scowls when I tender Her Majesty's legal currency. Why should I make their job any easier when they're making it harder and harder for me to get to and from my job in the mornings and evenings?

I've been a bus driver myself and all London Transport's excuses are a load of old rubbish. They should programme their time-tables to take account of traffic conditions which they are fully aware of. Why can't they be more flexible. It's our money they're wasting while they give us a service which a lot of the time is rubbish. – *J. T., Fulham.*

Little yellow boxes:
I'm pissed off by inconsiderate motorists who think they own the roads. What really gets my goat is those shitheads who know that the yellow boxes at road junctions are to keep the traffic flowing and yet who deliberately pull onto the boxes even though their exit isn't clear and then when the lights change they hold up the crossways traffic and fuck everyone up. Why can't the police lay some heavy fine on these creeps and teach them once and for all, a few manners. The same goes for those arseholes who use the bus lanes when they shouldn't. – *M.S., Bristol.*

Bianca Jagger:
If I hear or read her name once more I'll scream. I am at a complete loss to understand how such a characterless useless female so completely created by the media, can be worth knowing about at all. She's about one of the ugliest looking women I've ever seen. Who wants to know anything about the woman anyway? I say, let's have a moritorium on Bianca Jagger and agree to ban her from the press for a year – that'd give the papers someone a little more attractive to discover and perhaps someone with a slightly pleasanter personality. Bianca Jagger's personality is about as attractive as a bucket of scrap metal – jagged and mean. But can someone somewhere tell me what the stupid papers see in her at all? – *J.M. Cardiff*

Licensing laws:
I'm continually appalled by the state of British pubs and the general cavalier attitude of publicans to their customers. It's like drinking is antisocial, so you've damned lucky I'm serving you at all. And the licensing laws are a bunch of shit too. I know its been said before, but they're practically inhuman. We, the customers are treated like five year olds. The attitude is we can't decide for ourselves when we've had enough so the fucking government does it for us. It's not like that anywhere else in Europe as far as I know. In most civilised countries you can go into a cafe with your family and kids, your girlfriend or alone at any time of the day or night and drink alcohol while your kids drink lemonade at the same table, or you can have coffee and something to eat. How many British pubs serve coffee? Why is alcohol kept separate from everything else? Is alcohol so evil that it has to be segregated from other things? And what about all these lousy publicans who want the licensing laws to remain the way they are now? It's because they're damn lazy, that's why. They want their mornings and afternoons off. Apart from cleaning up the bars after the drinkers have gone and re-ordering the drink they need and cashing up the tills, what else is there for them to do? Go out in their new Jaguars and Mercedes and play golf? In future if someone wants to be a publican then they should be tested not just for their ability to pour drinks into glasses and make a profit at it, but their social graces, their good humour, their humanity and their ability to know where to draw the line and allow someone a little leeway in their drinking up time.

Far too many British pubs are mere profit-shops, not the centres of relaxed rewarding conversation they should be. Let's change the licensing laws and have the pubs open all day, then we could just nip in for the odd jar and not have to belt back our pints in five minutes before we're turfed back onto the street. If a publican had to open all day, you'd soon find out which were the good ones. And those who didn't like it could get out and make way for us nice sociable types who'd just love to run a civilized pub. – *J.R., Leeds*

Punk Rockers:
I think punk rockers are disgusting, dirty, nasty, violent, ugly, brainless morons. Why can't more young people be like Cliff Richard. – *A.D., Shrewsbury*

Wolves that whistle:
I really loathe it when men whistle and make remarks at me when I'm walking down the street. I'm not amazingly attractive, nor do I dress in revealing clothes, but it seems that these yobs will cluck and hiss at any female who appears to be of childbearing age as a matter of course. Sometimes these twits are so far up scaffolding that they can't possibly see me clearly, yet they still yowl down insulting remarks. Are they trying to achieve something, or is it just that they've never grown up? – *Miss J.L., Brighton*

Cyclists:
Do they have a death-wish? I often only just manage to avoid these fools who suddenly wobble and weave in front of me, usually dressed in all-over black, with tail-lights the size of pin-heads. When their own idiocy gets them into danger, they yell things like "do you think you own the road?" Well I pay Road Tax – they don't. – *J.B., South London*

Title by Ian Pollock

BRISTOL

This is Avon calling; Bristol, Avon, to be precise, the city that gave its name to boobs. Here the girls are gorgeous, plentiful, and not as innocent as some would have you believe, my dear. You've heard of 'ship-shape and Bristol fashion'? Well, we're no experts on shipping, but bristols will always be in fashion, and a walk through ritzy Clifton should provide sightings of a fair sample. Girls stroll through Princess Victoria Street in their skin-tight jeans and nipple-revealing shirts which give even the slowest imagination a new lease of life.

Clifton – the home of bosomy secretaries, fun-loving students, and the more sophisticated ladies of the city is a good place to start a night out. The Greyhound pub in Princess Victoria Street is worth a visit, just five minute's walk from the famous Clifton suspension bridge. This is a reasonably small pub, popular during the early evening – most people make for the back bar which has a pleasant atmosphere. A few yards up the road in The Mall there is a good selection of pubs and wine bars which are usually crowded with students. The Royal Oak is worth a try, though it tends to be a couple's haunt; mind you there is a bonde barmaid there with one of the most sightly behinds in the West. One pub, The Mall, which takes its name from the street, has a large bar where there is always a good atmosphere with plenty of intelligent and sexy girls. While in Clifton you should take the opportunity to try some traditional West Country cider in the Coronation Tap in Sion Place.

Bristol city centre, about two miles from Clifton, has a good selection of pubs, clubs and restaurants. It is worth having a pint or two in The Old Duke in King Street. They have live jazz sessions there which are so popular that it is wise to get there early unless you want to nurse your pint in the street. A lightship which has been transformed into a floating pub and restaurant is anchored within a couple of hundred yards of The Old Duke.

Park Street is a most entertaining part of the city. For £1 you can visit Vicki's strip club. The management are not too choosy about the girls – but if you are into more mature strippers who smother their tits in suntan oil then you will not be disappointed. There are some Bristol strippers who will not perform there for one reason or another, but strangely enough it is usually packed.

Midweek visitors to the city will find a good strip-tease in the Princess Court Club in Park Street Avenue, a few yards up the road from Vicki's. Entrance here also costs £1, and the club is very popular with business reps, both for its good bar and girls available both for dancing and dating. Smart dress is essential, and strips are held Monday to Thursday, (weekends are usually given over to Soul).

Lester's in Worrall Road, Clifton, is one of the best strip clubs in Bristol, but unfortunately is usually open to members only. This is a strictly collar-and-tie gentlemen's club, but if you can find a member to get you in, you won't be disappointed. If you are into the nubile punk scene, or the randy reggae type, then the Dug Out Club in Park Lane is a must. This is a very popular club which usually opens as the pubs are closing, and shuts at about 2 a.m. Most nights it's packed with very sexy girls. The entrance fee here is £1 if you are not a member, but the beer is good and inexpensive, and the club certainly ranks in the Top Ten of places to visit in Bristol.

On the more sophisticated side of local night-life, the Platform One Club in Clifton Down is perhaps the most popular night-spot in Bristol. A former railway station, Platform One can boast of attracting some of the most gorgeous girls in Bristol. It is open every night, except Sunday, and will cost between 75p and £1.50 to get in depending on the night, and whether or not you are a member. There are three bars including The Great Western, which is an attractive retreat from the disco. The beer is not cheap (70p for a pint of lager), but that's the price you pay for a good night out. The Great Western bar also has a live band every Friday and Saturday. Smart dress is essential here.

There are the usual Mecca clubs based in Bristol city centre. Romeo & Juliets, and Raquels are both worth a visit.

Bristol also has its share of sauna and massage parlours – The Roundabout sauna in Lawford Street will give you an ordinary massage for £4.50 with topless massage costing an extra £1. Other sauna and massage parlours in the city include Topaz in Stapleton Road, Caesars and Cascade, both in Stokes Croft, and the Aquarius in Bedminster.

The St. Pauls area of Bristol, famous for the April riots, is the red light district. Prostitutes roam the streets here nightly and prices vary depending on the services required.

For those staying in Bristol for a few days and fancying a private sex show, these can be arranged (at a price) with the strippers themselves after a show in one of the clubs. One leggy stripper who performs at Lester's and The Princess Court Club provided a private show for one client at a price of £40. She told us: "There are girls that will do shows that can be very blue – I only do straight strips. Prices tend to vary with each girl but shows are certainly available."

Call-girl agencies are very few and far between having been forced underground by Vice Squad activity.

Restaurants are plentiful in Bristol and it would be impossible to name all the good ones. Parks in Park Street offers excellent value and is a pleasant place to dine. The Rhajdoot, also in Park Street is perhaps the best Indian restaurant outside London and is reasonably priced. There are hundreds of small restaurants and some excellent Italian pizza parlours where you can eat and drink to the small hours. A trip along Gloucester Road will provide a selection of these.

Casinos are very popular in Bristol. The Dragonara Hotel Casino, the Whiteladies Sporting Club in Whiteladies Road, and the Tiberius in The Triangle are all very good, and stay open late.

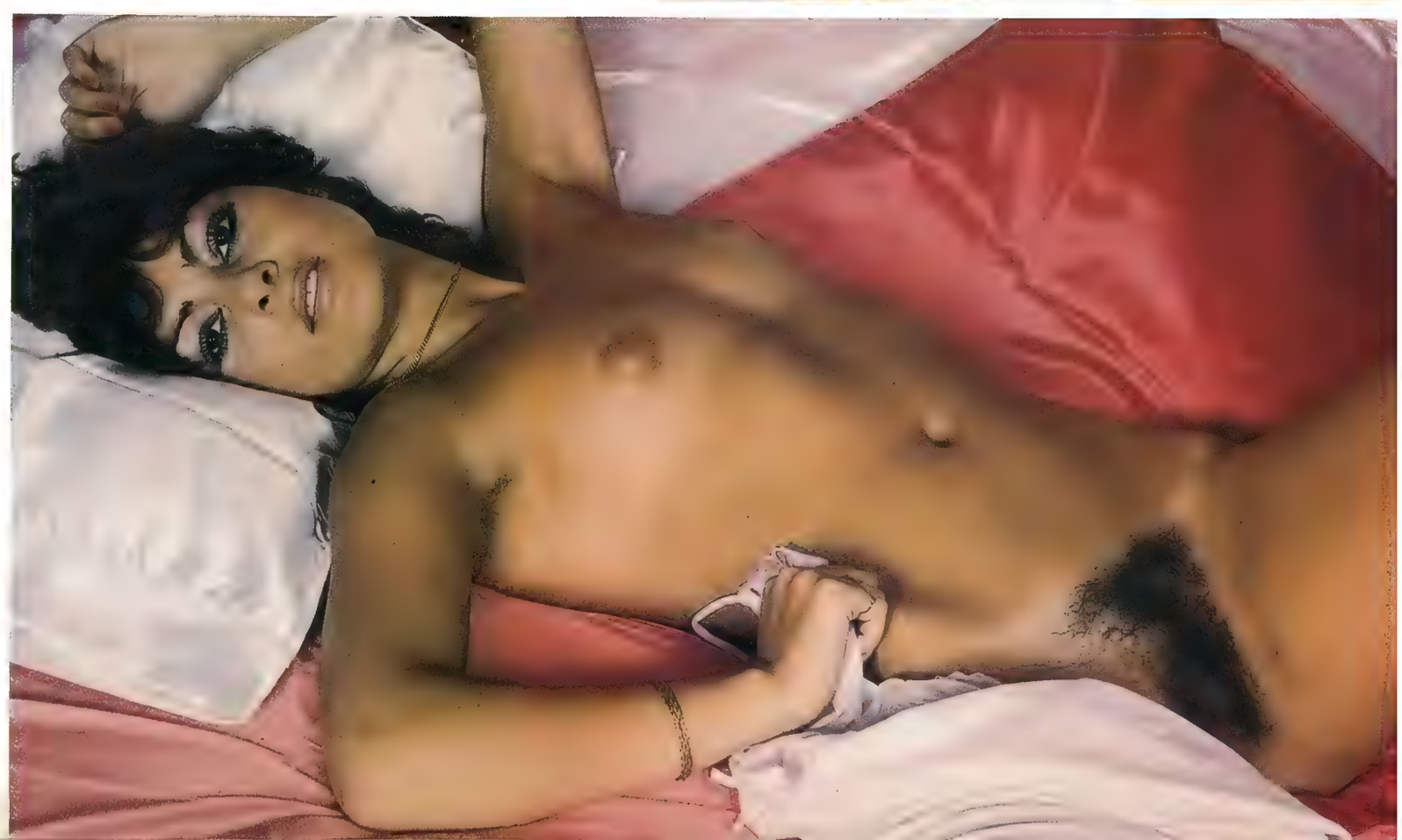
It may not be Amsterdam or L.A but if you read what some of our Bristol girls have to say on the following pages, you'll agree there's something in Bristol to tempt male appetites.●

The Girls of Bristol

From covergirl Alison, to glossy centre poster beauty Tamsin, the girls of Bristol turned out to be as warm and randy a little bunch of darlings as Mr photographer Milne has ever come across. Bubbling with supressed fantasy and unblushing desire, they bared their bodies and souls. In case you get the wrong idea about weather conditions in the Bristol Channel, every perfect inch of 40-22-36 centregirl Tamsin, Bristol's newest nude model, was snapped on a quick trip abroad after our office voted her 'girl most likely to win a naughty weekend in the Canaries'. We guarantee she'll brighten up your January blues.

Jenny

Bristol born, curly-haired waitress, Jenny, is 21 and 34-22-34. She likes driving power boats and riding horses but her favourite pastime, she swears, is, 'making love in the sea, but only when it's warm.'



Pamela

Cheeky blonde 21 years old Pam loves exhibiting her 36 24-36 body. Her most outrageous sexcapade was when, 'My boyfriend and his two mates tied me naked to the bed and tickled me with feathers. Then they left me tied up and went out to the pub.'

BRISTOLZ ARE IN, BRISTOLZ ARE OUT
BRISTOLZ ARE WHAT BRISTOLZ ABOUT

THE ESCORT PIN-UP GIRL/TAMSIN

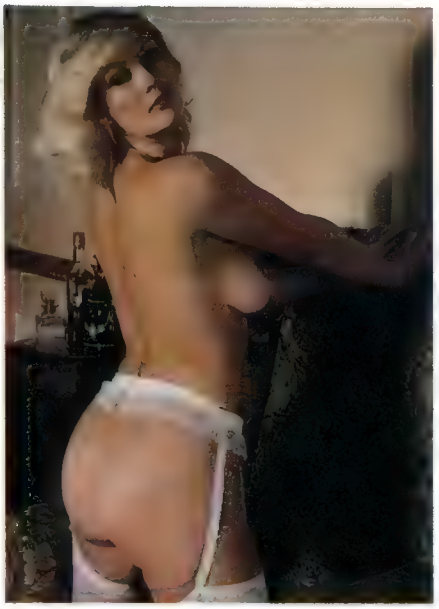
THE ESCORT PIN-UP GIRL/TAMSIN

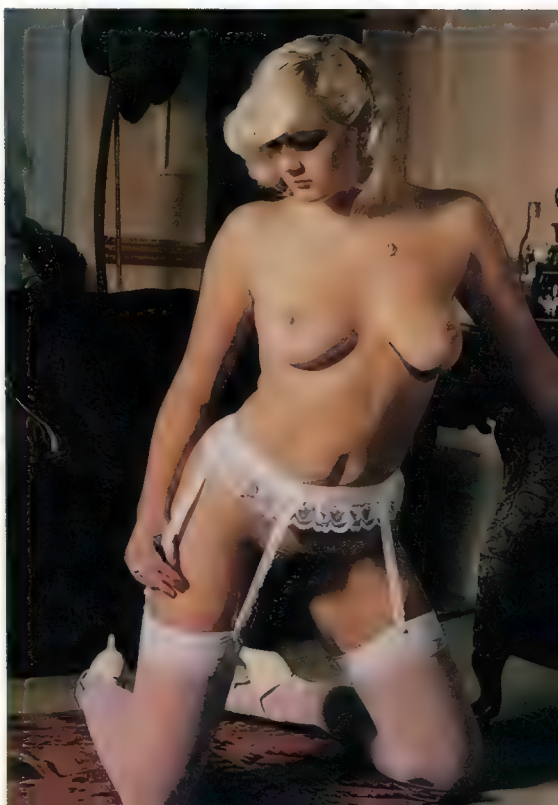
Dianne

Married, 21-years-old and a secretary, petite 34-24-34 Dianne says these pictures are the most outrageous thing she's done. She'd love to do more.

Debbie

Big blonde Debbie has a passion for sailors with 'dirty minds'. At 19 and 38-24-36, she loves disco dancing but would rather 'be locked in a shower with ten randy sailors'





WHEREVER NEXT?

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Each month in the centre of Escort, we feature the nudest girls of one of Britain's major cities and its surrounding areas. For the first issue we've chosen Bristol. Now we'll tell you how to:

EARN CASH FROM ESCORT

What we want you to do is submit photographs of your wife or girlfriend, and if we like what we see, we'll commission our photographer to call on you when he's in your area to shoot our centre portfolio. Your lady will be paid top London professional modelling rates and you'll receive a finder's fee.

DO IT NOW

If you live in or near any of the following areas, send us your pictures:

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BRIGHTON AND THE SOUTH COAST
BLACKPOOL AND THE NORTH WEST
PLYMOUTH AND THE WEST COUNTRY
CARDIFF AND SOUTH WALES
GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH
NOTTINGHAM AND LINCOLNSHIRE
OXFORD, CAMBRIDGE AND NORFOLK
GREATER LONDON

Jenny from Bristol — see centre pages.

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

the evening ahead. Over the years we have worked out a price list which has kept pace with inflation, though I expect most people would have their own ideas about the value of different sexual services. My wife is currently charging me ten pounds for oral sex, which is a fantastic bargain in this day and age, twenty for full intercourse (another bargain, if you could only see her in action) and various other rates for things such as being tied up and spanked, or putting on a strip show for me.

I pay up willingly in advance and she usually puts the money in her garter or down her front of her bra before we get down to it. I've never really been into prostitutes as such, but it really gets me on the go to see my wife acting like the lowest tart in the world, using rough language and deliberately flaunting herself for my benefit. I wanted to take a picture of her to show you just how she looks in her 'gear' but she wouldn't let me. So you'll just have to take my word for it: when she is in action, stripped down to her uplift bra and those black stockings, she's a right knock-out. The point about paying for it, of course, is that she herself enjoys playing the role of a prostitute, and she sometimes offers a price on the most outrageous things, just for the hell of it, though we haven't yet got round to really extreme stuff, we probably never will in fact.

How many working men spend fifty quid on sex every single weekend *and* keep their wives happy at the same time?
J.G. Rochester

Hot-line

The number of times I get wrong numbers when dialling through the local exchange is almost enough to make me weep. Usually I phone up the operator and get them to credit me with the call, but yesterday I didn't bother. And this is why.

I wanted to talk to my business partner; it's a number I dial frequently so there was no way I could have misdialled. But the phone was answered immediately by a very nice, husky woman's voice, and of course I apologised and told her I would go through the operator.

"Don't hang up," she said. "Keep talking, I like the sound of your voice."

"The feeling's mutual," I replied, wondering how to play this one.

The woman told me she was on her own in her flat and that she had been waiting for the chance to speak to someone. This sounded a bit weird, as I'm sure you can imagine, and since I had plenty of work to do I probably would have hung up, if it hadn't been for the sound of her voice. I'm not much good at describing things that turn me on, but there was some kind of purring quality in her voice that made the hair stand up at the back of my neck.

"Shall I tell you what I'm

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

Hot-line: 'It wasn't long before we were both gasping'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

against it and started to unpluck his belt. 'This looks like a nice one,' I said. 'Are you going to show us how to do it properly?'

"He didn't waste any time getting his jeans off. I bent down and grabbed his cock and gave it a quick suck to make sure it wouldn't explode like the other one. But he started to push my head back – he was bloody keen, and the next minute he was climbing on the table and turning me on my back – there obviously wasn't going to be any subtlety here. So I just lay back and spread my legs and said, 'Come on, lover boy, let's get it in.' And in it came. God, he must have been short of a bit for a while – he gave me a real pounding, legs up under my chin, the whole bit – which is bloody uncomfortable on a hard table top with only a towel under you; I thought we'd end up on the floor. Then he shot his wad, and that's when the gang-bang started.

"I must have had most of them a couple of times. I'd have one shagging me from behind while I was sucking another one in front. Then I'd be on my back with one on top, wanking another one next to me. It must have been going on an hour or more before I noticed the engines and twigged we were at sea. By then there were others coming in off deck – it must all have been pre-arranged, so that two shifts could have a go. Blokes would come in, have a swig and a peek at the action, then whip out their dicks and climb on the table. If I was lucky they'd say, 'Hello, love, glad you could make it,' before they started fucking me. I didn't know where I was going. We could have been halfway to China.

"On the way back they all seemed to be busier and I spent most of the time hiding in a cabin, though two blokes they'd picked up came down and wanted it. I made a lot of money but never again. I made up my mind if anyone ever tried it again I'd just up and announce myself. They're not going to make you walk the plank, are they?"

Some women can become quite ingenious in the way they offer their wares. Margo, a 23-year-old redhead from the Southampton area, and now married with one child, used to provide home-going seamen with what she calls 'mobile sex care.'

"I'd never describe myself as a professional; I never just went with men to earn a living because I was always doing other jobs, usually working in shops which don't pay very much. When I first moved down here I used to go down to dockside pubs in Southampton and Gosport and Portsmouth with a girlfriend, and she used to take blokes outside for the price of a meal; she'd do it while I was with her. I did it once or twice when I was really hard up and the fellows were nice – you'd say something about having fallen behind with your rent, but I never pushed it.

"I did some escort work after that, which was a lot nicer. Then a girlfriend told me about a mini-cab company she was working for. The idea was you ran a straight service but if you got a bloke on his own who was obviously looking for some fun you could offer it to him. If he said OK you'd drive off to some quiet spot – there's a lot of quiet roads and turn-offs at the back of Fareham; you could be there in five minutes. Then you'd climb in the back and give him a hand job or a mouth job or a quick fuck – you couldn't take too long because of the space. And you'd charge him the fare for the extra mileage as well as the service.

"Most blokes, seeing a nice-looking girl at the wheel, tended to try it on anyway so it was easy. The best ones were straight off a ship because they'd be paid off – we used to take turns to answer dockside calls because all the girls wanted them. It was all done through a woman in the office – the man who owned the business wasn't supposed to know, which I think was nonsense; they always had a good half off me for the 'extras.'

"I liked it though because you could choose the blokes – not like in a pub or even an agency – and you got a good wack for the mini-cabbing anyway. Sometimes it was money for old rope. There was one old bloke I tried really only as a joke – he was quite well-spoken and Navy, though he wasn't in uniform. He got me to drive out to a spot in the country, then I had to stand with my legs apart, lift up my skirt and piss, while he stood behind me watching. That was all.

"Another one wanted to drive while I sat beside him and gave him a mouth job as we went along. I wasn't going to risk that, but in the end – for a bit extra – I let him sit beside me and frig me with his finger while I drove. We nearly had about three accidents! I got so worked up I took us onto some wasteground and let him fuck me in the back, all-inclusive. I was practically foaming at the mouth.

"Most of the time, though, they were just quickies and I didn't really get involved. A lot of nights I'd wear an old skirt without knickers or tights to make it easier. Also it helped if you got disturbed because you can easily pull a skirt down. One girl I knew who wore jeans had to drive away on her bare bottom when she got surprised by a copper in an alleyway.

"I did it for about four months altogether before I met my husband. He's Royal Navy, but he wasn't a passenger – that's all in the past now. For a short while it wasn't bad – especially in a Navy town. Where else do you get such a big turn-over of young randy blokes with plenty in their pockets? For a girl who's not going to be really fussy about who she fucks it's like a licence to print money."●

Show Us Yours

Patricia from Glasgow

Anita from Crawley

D from Kent

Maureen from Derby

In which we invite readers to show us what it is about their wives or girlfriends that turns them on. The best each month wins a Polaroid SX70 or a Sony Stowaway. This months winner is D from Kent.

Pat from North London

Julie from Cornwall

Fiona from Harrow

Maggie from Canterbury

Show Us Yours

S.R. from Woolwich

June from Birmingham

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The picture judged best by the editorial staff each month wins a Polaroid SX70 Sonar, the automatic camera which focuses itself, complete with two free packs of film, two free flashbars and a remote control shutter release so that you can put yourself in the picture too. If you choose otherwise we'll send you one of the famous Sony Stowaway pocket headphone stereo systems with a couple of free musicassettes.

Clip out and send this coupon with your entries:
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Paul Raymond Publications and Escort Magazine retains the right to publish all and any photographs submitted for this competition. The sender of the winning picture will receive the prize of his or her choice. There will be no other payment for runner up pictures published

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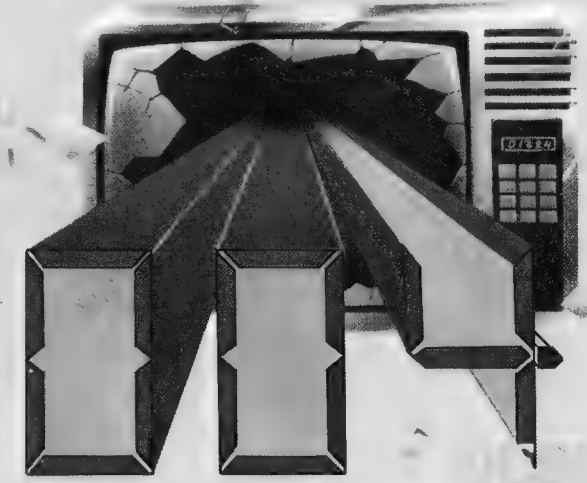

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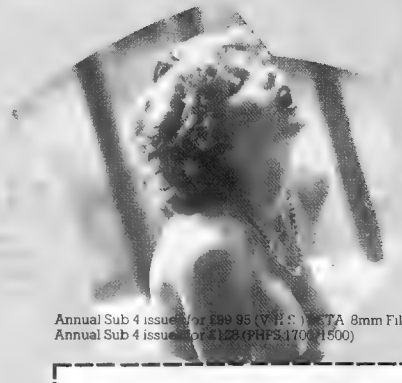

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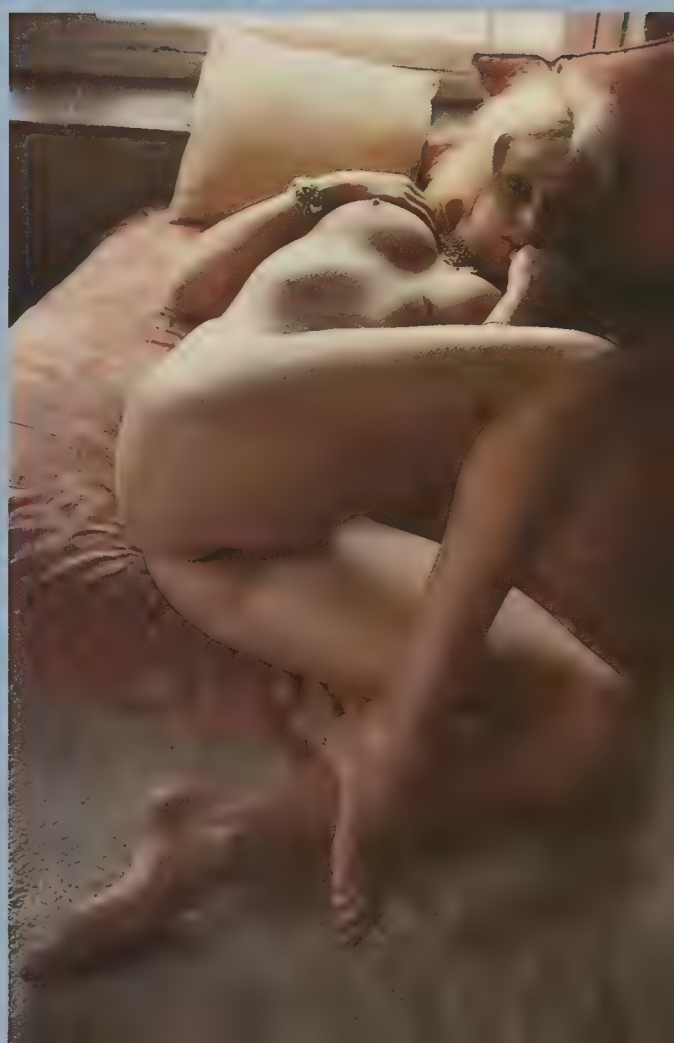
BOBBY

Bobby, 37-24-36, Brighton.
"There you are, you see, the dreaded plump tummy – I told you I was soft and cuddly. I was much too interested in boys to do well at school.I was good at athletics but most of my exercise has been in bed since then. I went to a boarding school and I think that's what turned me into a sex maniac. I mean, there wasn't a boy in sight for weeks on end. They were pretty strict. I had several spankings and I still love being bent over and thwacked. It turns me on. I get all wet and willing. That's why I like older men." — *Bobby*



Fantasy plays a far more important part in our sexual development than most people realise. In this column we invite our readers, their wives and girlfriends to describe their sexual fantasies in detail. If you wish to submit a written account of your wildest sexual fantasy, and how it affects your sexlife, it should be between 1000 and 2000 words in length and we will pay £25 for each one published. This month:

The Exhibitionists

The girl lying beside you in your bed is the kind you've always dreamed about. Her body is soft and shapely, her hair is silky and smooth; she blossoms as you touch her, as you pluck her pink, proud nipples, as your fingers slide into the wet, furnace warmth within her pubic thatch. "You're so big," she whispers. "You're so *huge* – I want you – please – fuck me – fuck me!" Effortlessly her legs slide open, you move between, your engorged prick touches her wet willing crack – and you push deep inside.

But while you fulfil your fantasy and energetically fuck the nicest thing that's happened to you all week – or even the girlfriend or wife you've screwed enjoyably a thousand times before – what is *she* thinking? Where are *her* fantasies taking her?

At the beginning of the recent erotic film thriller *Dressed To Kill*, actress Angie Dickinson is being humped in bed by a husband whose sexual technique is unlikely to win prizes. But as she moans encouragement, her mind pictures her taking a languid, masturbatory shower in which she taunts her husband with her naked body. In her daydream he doesn't even touch her.

Women's erotic fantasies play as big a part in lovemaking – and in everyday life – as the naughty daydreams of men. For every man who mentally undresses the pretty girl he passes in the street, there's a housewife or secretary who imagines some nameless and often highly romantic man sweeping them off their feet and away to erotic bliss. The difference is generally a matter of emphasis – and detail.

"There's very little doubt that most women start with an *emotional* attitude to sex – and that's reflected in their fantasies," says 34-year-old Jenny, a clinical psychologist from the Birmingham area. "A teenage girl fantasises about a pop star or a boy she fancies in terms of romantic dates, candle-lit suppers, walking hand in hand. The daydream climaxes – sometimes literally – with a tender embrace, a kiss and a rush of feeling where she is supposed to surrender totally to emotion. She is really stimulating herself sexually – though she may not even be aware of it. A psychologist I know believes that the kind of extremely romantic stories you get in women's magazines or Mills and Boon books are as horny for some women as hard core porn to men. But later, as they acquire sexual experience, and they know where it's all leading, their fantasies tend to get more specific – more male, if you like.

"The same process happened to me. My first serious boyfriend, when I was eighteen, was a tall, bearded guy, very like my father – all the old clichés about father-fixations are often quite true. I had vague notions of being cuddled and caressed by him in the kind of romantic surroundings I'd dreamed about for years. It turned out to be his bed-sit and my first problem, after actually stripping off, was how to deal with a very big prick – I didn't realise quite how big till later. I remember lying on the bed, naked, with my boyfriend kneeling between my legs and feeding this great purple monster into my vagina, saying, "Are you alright? Am I hurting you? Shall I stop?" And it did hurt, at first, but I was just fascinated and appalled by it, and terrified it would break something all at the same time. I knew about male erections but I'd only glimpsed one before and never touched it. Until it happened to me I'd somehow never connected it with men I knew.

> «I'd be sprawled on some kind of bed or throne, surrounded by naked men. They'd all have enormous erections and I'd simply snap a finger and draw one to me.»

"And when I'd had my first orgasm from a penis – which occured, in fact, from another boyfriend – I became penis-obsessed for about six years. I used to pass men in the street and wonder what their pricks were like, how big they would grow. I used to have extraordinary and very specific fantasies where I'd be sprawling on some kind of bed or throne, surrounded by naked men. They'd all have enormous erections and I'd simply snap a finger and draw one or more to me – they were supposed to be slaves, of course. Then I'd lie flat and spread my legs – I was naked as well, naturally – and point to my pubes and say, "Fill me". Then I'd watch their faces as they pumped into me and came. Other times I might be holding one or two more erections in my hand as this happened, or I'd be tonguing one. And they'd all come at the same time. I was quite worried by the fantasies at the time – they really seemed very unfeminine.

"Nowadays my fantasies still tend to be specific but not quite so elaborate. I was washing at the sink in my bathroom the other day, for example – I was only wearing pants. And I had a sudden, very clear vision of a man coming up behind me, fondling my breasts from behind, bending me over, levering my pants down and pushing his erection between the cheeks of my bottom and into my crack – but the important thing was my pants only slipped off my cheeks, they never came down. I suppose it was the thought of being outrageous while keeping up the pretence of being properly, or at least half properly dressed at the same time, though who but me would have noticed in my bathroom I don't know!"

Exhibitionism lies at the heart of a great number of female fantasies. Women are supposed to be visually appealing, and to dress accordingly. But when they provoke a sexual response in a man – particularly a stranger – society rarely allows them to do anything about it.

Carol, a 22-year-old London shop assistant, found her most powerful exhibitionist fantasy springing into her mind after a conversation with a friend: "She'd just come back from a holiday in Spain where there was a topless beach. I know that's nothing special these days but I'd never done it and I don't think I ever would. I'm not ashamed of anything but I'm very short and my bust measurement is large for my size so I tend to look bloody enormous! Also I joggle about quite a bit when I'm unsupported. Lyn was going on about how great it felt, especially in the water, and how no one really noticed because everyone was like that. I felt like saying, 'That's because of your tits,' which are like bee-stings – I couldn't imagine any bloke I know not going absolutely bonkers if I started wobbling about all over the beach. So it really made me feel funny, listening to her. I don't know if I was getting turned on by the idea but I started having these weird sort of daydreams. I'd be walking down to the beach somewhere really hot and nice where there were lots of really dishy looking blokes about, and I'd be wearing a bikini and carrying a towel and sunglasses – all the usual stuff. And I'd pick a spot just behind of this group of four or five who'd really be the best on the beach, all sun-tanned and muscular – I like really *masculine* men. And I'd put out my towel and sit down, completely ignoring them – though of course they'd have noticed me – and I'd very very carefully and neatly undo the top of my bikini and take it off. It wouldn't be obviously sexy, the way a stripper does it, but it would be slow enough to let them all see a bit then a bit more and then everything .

"Then I'd begin to rub sun-tan oil into my tits slowly and sexily because it would turn me on a bit, but not as much as the lads watching – they'd all have rolled over on their tummies and their eyes would be like organ stops.

"Eventually I'd finish and lie flat for a bit soaking up the sun. Then after a while I'd reach down to the bottom half and start to wriggle out of it. I'm not sure how I do that in detail but I'd end up with my pants round my ankles, still lying down, with my hips pushed right up into the air so that, from where the boys were, you could see everything. But that would only be quick. I'd lay flat again then and stretch and sort of settle myself in. And the blokes would be sitting up now, absolutely goggle-eyed, really not believing it. And after a while they'd get up and come and stand over me. They'd be really quiet and all their trunks would be bulging, straining the material and most of them wouldn't bother to hide it. At first I'd pretend not to notice them then I'd just lift my dark glasses and I'd say, 'What's the matter with you gentlemen, haven't you seen anybody sun bathe in the nude before?'

No one would say anything – I could just hear them breathing heavily. Then the best-looking one would kneel down next to my legs and his eyes would go down my body to my pubes and there'd be a kind of pleading in them, and I'd say, 'That doesn't bother you, does it? You've seen a bare cunt before, haven't you?' And as I say that the top of his prick would peep out the edge of his trunks – a really fat, round head, all stretched and purple – and he'd go red and clap his hands over it. Then he'd take them away again and look at me, pleading again, and say almost like a whisper: 'Please. Please let me –' I'd look round at the others, and they'd all have their hands over their trunks, rubbing them up and down slowly and staring at my body.

Then I'd say to the handsome bloke, 'You want to put that in me?' And he'd nod all sort of eager. And I'd say, 'I don't know about that. How big is it? Can I have a closer look?' And really quickly he'd jerk his trunks down and this monster would bounce up, all hard and smooth with nice tight balls under it. I'd take a long cool look at it and his face would be all eager like a kid's. Then I'd say, 'No, I don't think I want my cunt fucked today.' And his face would drop; he'd start pleading: 'Please, please just a little way – I'll come otherwise, I'll come –'

Then I'd say, 'Sorry, I have my cunt fucked when *I* want to. I feel like this today.' And I pick up my sun-tan lotion which is one of those long containers like a prick, with a round plasticky head, and I reach down and rub it slowly over my pubes. And the handsome guy says, 'Please, Oh please, I've got to –' And he's wanking himself like crazy, and so are all the others. Then I see him pop and his come goes up in the air like a fountain, and the others explode too and all the come spatters all over my tits and my pubes, pints of it so I'm bathed it it. And I get up all outraged and wipe it off me, and say, 'Now look what you've done, you dirty boys. You've got me all sticky.' The weird thing is I don't come in my fantasy, even though I'm rubbing myself. I just stalk off all hoity-toity and leave the blokes all exhaused and disappointed with their pricks hanging out. But I have played with myself while I was having the fantasy and I've sometimes made myself come then."

Exhibitionism doesn't have to be non-participatory. Lesley is a 19-year-old secretary who suffered the disapproval of her parents when she started living with her boyfriend, with whom she has a particularly satisfactory sexual relationship. "I have this fantasy where Gordon and I go over to my parents for dinner or something and my mother asks what I think of Gordon when we're all sitting in the living room. And I say what I really like about him is his marvellous body and what fabulous things we do together. And my mother says, 'Well how do you mean, dear?' all polite and conventional, and Gordon and I look at each other and we say, 'Well, we'll show you.' And we start to strip off on the carpet. And Gordon steps out of his trousers and I take hold of it and say, 'Look how big it can get' and give him a blow job. Then we begin to hump and we both come. After that I lick Gordon until he's hard again and he makes me bend down on all fours and he puts in me from behind. Finally I climb on top of him and we're both moaning and panting and crying out all sorts of obscene things while I keep up my sort of running commentary. I get cold shivers when I think about this – I've only told Gordon the half of it – but it's enormously satisfying just as a fantasy."

Domination and submission are obviously key elements of the female

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

Illustration by Bill Prosser

Three rungs to rapture

This month, our P.E. Mistress Linzi demonstrates the viewpoint to be gained from sending your lady up a ladder with a can of paint and instructions to decorate the ceiling. Says the lovely Linzi, "Painting is a very pleasant exercise for two on a quiet Saturday afternoon. There are lots of things you can do up a ladder if she remembers to forget her knickers and wear a short skirt. If you paint her pussy, use something gentle that washes off in water. I'd advise my male readers to relax on some cushions below while their lady works aloft and study the juicy curves of her beautiful bottom. Don't strain yourselves!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

fantasy – acts that would be cruel or frightening in real life take on a titillatory glow when the're confined to day-dreams...The prime example is rape, a crime that exerts a unique fascination over women of all ages.

Patricia, a 38-year-old West Country housewife with two children of school age, has a specific image of this submissive fantasy. "I think I've always hankered after being a stripper, the idea of strutting about without a stitch while all these men look on with their eyes popping out. I never had the gall when I was young and I certainly wouldn't now, though my figure's good for my age. Also it always struck me that it would be more exciting if it all went a bit further – to actually being had by lots of men. Then I read somewhere about these Hell's Angels taking a girl into some woods and all having a go – which was terrible, really, but as a fantasy it really quite turned me on. I imagine being kidnapped by this gang – all young blokes, mind – and taken blindfold to this hut in the woods; there's mattresses and a table, nothing too uncomfortable, and they're rough with me but not vicious.

"I can hear their belt buckles being undone but the first is the leader. He says, 'Lean back, love' and he stands behind me with his hands on my thighs. As I lean back I feel this great thick prick slide into me, as far as it'll go, and then him jerking it in and out as I try and catch my breath. Then he thrusts really hard and I feel him jerk and come, and it goes on and on until it starts to trickle down my legs.

"Finally he pulls out and I fall on my knees exhaused. But someone else grabs me from the floor and turns me round and pulls me to the side of the table so I'm sitting on the edge. There's a really big bloke in front of me with his jeans round his ankles and this fat rod in front of him. Without any kind of preliminary, he bends my legs back, pushes between them and stuffs his prick into me and starts pumping. While that's happening another of them climbs on the table, kneels down over my head and makes me take his prick into my mouth. Both blokes come at the same time and I have to swallow the second one's spunk. Then all the others take a turn. They have me on my back, on my side, one, two, three at a time. Whenever I try to protest I get smacked. Eventually I'm just a soggy heap on the floor, absolutely shattered, with spunk oozing out of me all over the place. I feel like a whore, utterly degraded, because I know I've enjoyed it secretly. This fantasy generally makes me come without hardly touching myself.

"I'd never tell my husband all this because I think it would shock him, and if it didn't he might want to try out some of it – especially making me take his prick in my mouth; I'd hate that in real life, but in a fantasy it's alright because it's so disgusting."

Perhaps the only real danger in a fantasy is when one or more partners in a sexual relationship attempts to act it out. Barbara, a divorcee in her late twenties, had always fantasised about a harem situation, in which she wandered scantily clad among panting males who would pull her down and ravish one by one. It was something of a private joke with her husband, five years her senior, who had his own fantasies of seeing his wife seduced and made love to by other men. It was partly at his insistence, partly because both felt their sexual relationship was waning in intensity that they answered a contact magazine ad placed by

another couple. "I'd somehow expected people who were a bit strange," explains Barbara, "but they were both very normal and quite attractive. We invited them round for dinner and had a lot to drink and I really felt the evening was going to end normally with them just leaving. But then they began talking about where they could change and lie down and it all started happening. Cliff, my husband, showed them the guest bedroom, we all got undressed in our separate rooms and took turns in the bathroom, and then Cliff kissed me goodbye in our bedroom and went out. I put the light out and got into bed and then the other man came in and climbed in with me. I don't think I believed it was happening until I felt him on me and then we were fucking. The next thing I knew Cliff had come back in and started making love to me. I was on my front and he pulled me back onto him and was pushing his penis into me from behind. Then I felt the other man touching me too and he tried to get me to suck his penis at the same time, but I didn't want to do that, so he went back to stroking me.

"Eventually Cliff stopped thrusting and I thought he'd come. I remember rolling over on my back and the other man began to caress and lick my breasts. It was still dark but I could see the other woman leaning against the door and watching us; she was naked and smiling and she really had a very nice body. Then Cliff got off the bed and went over to her and he still had an erection. He kissed the other woman and started fondling her breasts. Then he got behind her and made her bend right forward and open her legs and I saw him take hold of his penis and push it into her from behind. I think I just freaked out then. The other man was trying to climb on me again and I just hit out at him and pushed him off and ran into the bathroom crying. I wouldn't come out till the couple had gone. I felt totally wretched. Doing it was completely different from thinking or talking about it; it wasn't in the least erotic. I felt sullied and our relationship never really recovered after that."

Maxine, a 33-year-old Reading computer programmer, finds the right kind of fantasy can reap great dividends with her relationship with her live-in boyfriend of some five years.

"I went to a convent school where I was thrashed for any kind of naughtiness, especially involving boys. Since then I think I've always associated wickedness and sex with a good spanking. I don't mean anything painful – I don't like pain at all. But when my boyfriend and I have a stand-up shouting row and I know I'm being bitchy and wilful, because I am like that quite often – I have to admit it – he can always grab hold of me, lift up my skirt, drag down my knickers and give me a good seeing-to, generally with the back of his hand. And two minutes after that, I can guarantee, I'll have his trousers off and we'll be fucking on the floor. The trouble is he's sometimes too angry himself to want to do that! But in bed, as a kind of pretend thing, it always works too. He pretends to be some evil squire about to have his wicked way with a young milkmaid. We have all sorts of little fantasy games like that: sultans and harem slaves, tsars and peasants, pirates and prisoners. To an outsider it sounds completely batty, but it suits us perfectly. Every woman fantasises in bed anyway so why not just admit and enjoy it. If you can join in, and become part of, each other's secret sex life – the one that happens in your *mind* – it draws you together, and it can make your sex life much more exciting."●

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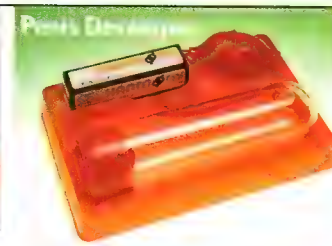

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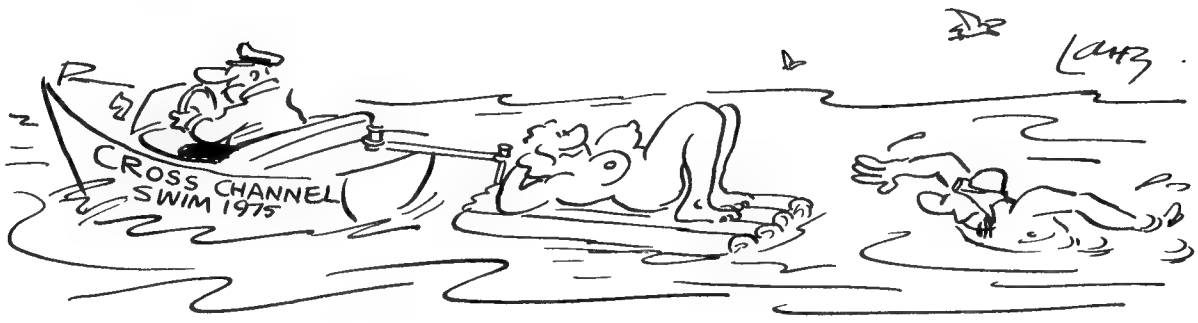

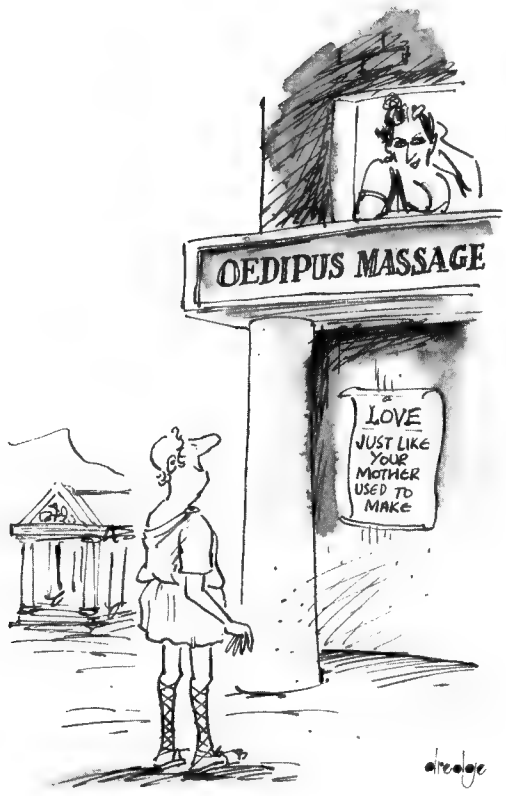

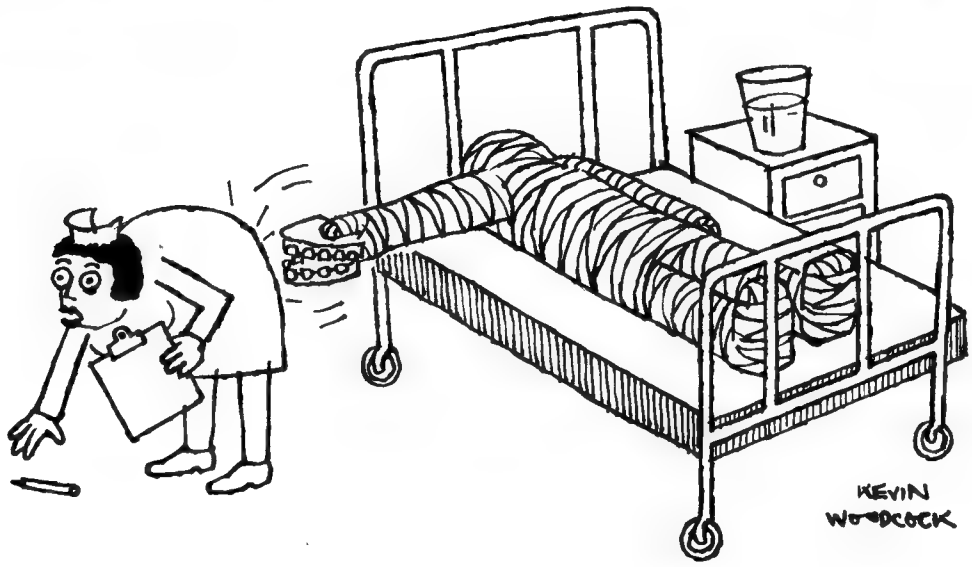

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To make sure that your replies to box numbers are forwarded, please follow these instructions:

(1) Place each reply in a separate envelope.
(2) Write the box number you are replying to in the top left hand corner.
(3) Count the number of letters you want to send. The fee is 25p each. You may pay by cheque or postal order made out to Paul Raymond Publications Ltd. No cash or stamps please.
(4) Place all your reply envelopes and cheques or postal orders in one large envelope, and post to:

Escort Classified Replies
2, Archer Street
London W1V 7HE.

DO's

DO —
Fill in the form correctly and send the correct amount of money to avoid delay (personal advertisers *MUST* use a box number to protect their privacy).

DO —
State the area in which you live or where you want replies from.

DO —
State age and sex in personal advertisements so as to avoid disappointing replies.

DO —
Fill in your name, address and phone number. This won't be used in personal advertisements, but it is essential to ensure that only genuine personal advertisements are inserted.

DONT's

Put any obscene material in your advertisements or replies. It is an offence to send obscene material through the mail and we will not print your advertisement.

Don't —
Use false names and addresses, this will result in your advertisement being rejected.

Don't —
Forget to enclose the full remittance (including £1.50 for box number in personal advertisements).

Don't —
Be impatient. Your advertisement may have reached us after we have gone to press. It will appear in the first available issue.

Please publish my advertisement(s) in the following classifications (I understand you will publish it in the first available issue).

PRIVATE
ACCOMMODATION WANTED
ACCOMMODATION OFFERED
MOTOR CARS
MOTOR CYCLES
FILM/VIDEO EXCHANGES
PERSONAL
PHOTOGRAPHIC

TRADE
ACCOMMODATION
BOOKS/MAGAZINES
CLOTHING
CLUBS/DISCOS
DATING SERVICES
ESCORTS
FILMS/VIDEO
MASSAGE
MODELS (ART/PHOTO)
MOTOR CARS
NUDIST CLUBS
PHOTO PROCESSING
PHOTO GLAMOUR
RESTAURANTS
MARITAL AIDS
MARRIAGE BUREAUX
SERVICES
SHOWS
SPORT
STUDIOS (PHOTO)
SURGERY (COSMETIC)
TRAVEL

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ADDRESS: _____

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TELEPHONE NO(s) DAY: _____ EVENING: _____

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I enclose £_____ for _____ insertions. SIGNED: _____

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One word in each space BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE.

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Free drink (scotch, brandy, vodka, gin, etc.), free coffee and tea.

London's most beautiful girls, highly trained and friendly.

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Come and smile away your cares, let us look after you.

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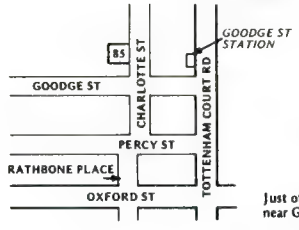

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Just off Tottenham Court Road London W1
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GIRLS!

We love you all, whatever your shape, size or age. We want to see more of you. Try the Escort test this weekend. Stand in front of your bedroom mirror and strip off. If what you see turns you or your man on, get him to take a picture or take one yourself and send it to The Editor, Escort Magazine, Paul Raymond Publications, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

If we like what we see we'll offer to pay for you to come to our studios in London for the day or despatch our photographer to your home. Then we'll offer you an exclusive modelling contract to appear in Escort and pay you top professional rates.

Contact us now. We'd love to see you without your clothes on.

AFTER YOUR FLIGHT

(OR BUSY BUSINESS DAY)...

relax with a professional massage in the privacy of your hotel room, flat or house.

Before engaging a masseuse we insist that she should be

- **attractive looking**
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- **23-33 years old**

If she meets these qualifications, then we find out how good she is at her job. In fact, all of our young ladies are qualified professional masseuses.

Nationalities? English, Japanese, Scottish, German, South African, Jewish, Chinese, Vietnamese, Polish, Persian. All races, all colours—but all cultured, all very, very good.

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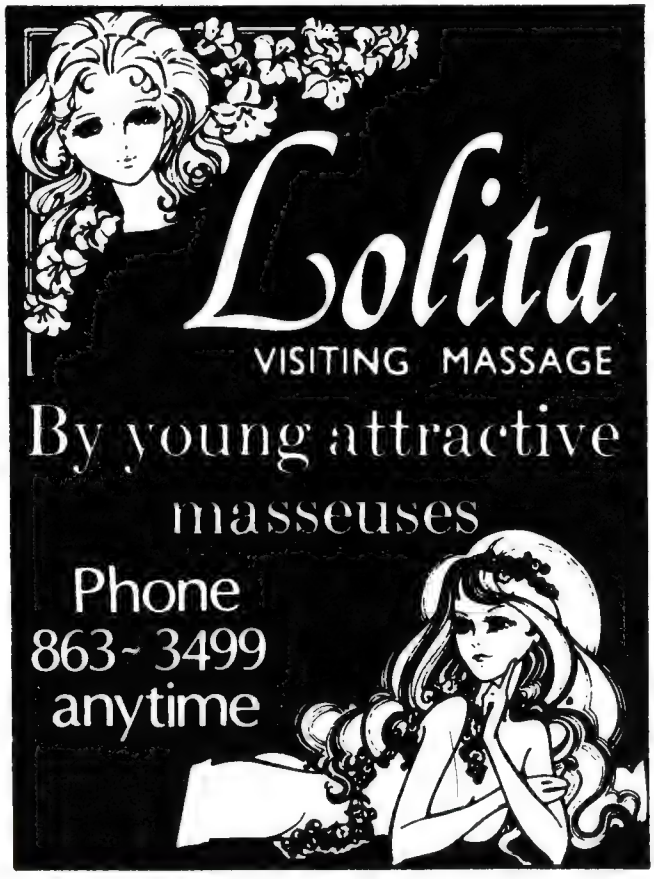

from Lady of Paris

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We design and manufacture and can therefore offer you the most up to date fashion at a reasonable price. You have no middlemen costs or profit to pay! Our computer controlled production guarantees you superb quality combined with a fast and efficient delivery service. Should there be any cause for dissatisfaction your money will be refunded immediately. Personal callers — if you are in the area why not call in for a browse — you'll be made very welcome (10% discount to personal callers)

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67 Smallbrook Queensway, Birmingham B5 4BR. Next to Romeo and Juliet

Send to: Lady of Paris,

Dept. 233, 67 Smallbrook Queensway, Birmingham B5 4BR.

Please send me the following (please state size and colour preference)

ITEM	SIZE	COLOUR	QTY
CATALOGUE	—	—	

I enclose cheque/PO for £ Credit Cards Accepted.

All goods sent under plain cover by return. Sizes below 10 and over 18 please add 10%. Prices show are UK. Overseas customers please add 20% p&p

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

wearing?" she went on.

To tell the truth, she could have talked about the state of the economy as far as I was concerned, since I could listen to a voice like that for hours. But she began to describe in great detail what she had on, starting on the outside and working her way in, until she was telling me exactly what kind of knickers and bra she had on.

"I like the sort of knickers with a slit up the side," she went on, purring into my ear. "It's so much easier to slip my fingers into my crotch and have a proper wank!"

Needless to say, I was both shocked and aroused by this kind of talk, and I let her go on talking. She told me all kinds of details about the way she masturbates, and ending up suggesting I ought to get my prick out and have one off the wrist myself! All this at three in the afternoon if you please!

In fact I was stiff already, and it didn't take much more persuasion to get me to follow her advice, and since I was in the privacy of my house anyway, I got my prick out and started to handle it the way she suggested. At the same time, she bagan to wank herself (or so she said) and it wasn't long before we were both gasping and snorting into the phone as we got closer and closer to the point of no return.

This is a bit embarrassing really, but to cut a long story short, I ended up doing it into a paper tissue while she came off like a steam engine in my ear. She told me it was the best she'd had for months and I was just going to ask her for her real number when she hung up. I felt a proper fool when it was all over, and since then I have been trying to figure the whole business out. It's quite on the cards for instance that she is a real dog to look at and her voice is the only sexy thing about her!

I've never heard of women doing this sort of thing, though when you think about it, there's no reason why they shouldn't any more than men. If she reads this letter, though she might recognise herself – I really hope so.

H.S. Doncaster

Transport of delight

A few weeks ago I met this really lovely girl who has only just come to live in our part of town. She is just eighteen, the same as me, and she is a real picture to look at, with lots of dark curly hair and a really great figure. So I was over the moon when I made a pass at her and she agreed to go to bed with me.

I might be only eighteen but I've got lots of experience when it comes to sex, and of course I was out to impress her right from the start. Maybe this was what went wrong, because I was just going to slip it in when I began to come off! She made a bit of a joke about it, thank God, and then we tried again.

The second time I managed to get it all in and started to fuck her. But the feeling of being in this position with such a lovely girl was too much for me, and I only lasted two or three minutes. I'd never live this one down if it got out that I can't keep it up for longer than that, and even though the girl in question was really understanding, I myself was worried sick.

I happened to read something about a guy with the same problem who cured himself by concentrating on a list of things he had to do the following day, and thinking about this list while he was doing his wife. So I got a map of the Tube lines and memorised all the stations on the Central Line going West to East, from Ealing to Epping. This wasn't all that hard, because I used to memorise cricket scores when I was a kid.

So the next time I went to bed with this girl, she was expecting me to last about the same time, i.e. a couple of minutes once I'd got it up her. But as soon as I was all the way inside her juicy hole, I concentrated on these Tube stations. I fucked her quite hard, and every time I poked in, I would say the name of a station to myself. Of course it didn't take me long to go right across London and back. I could just about handle the Northern Line, so I started on that, and then came back to the

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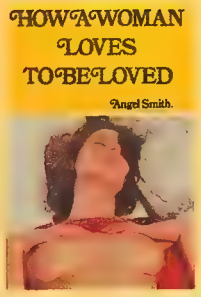

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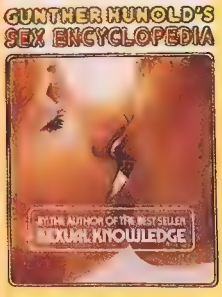

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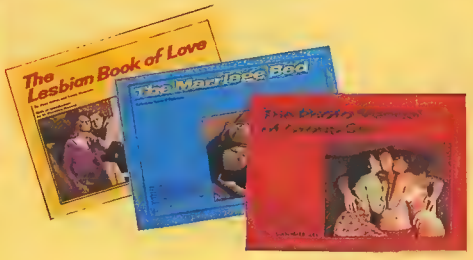

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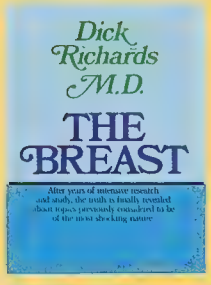

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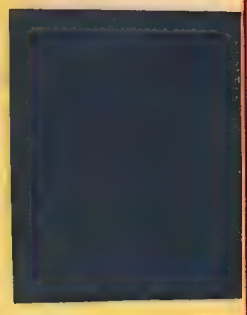

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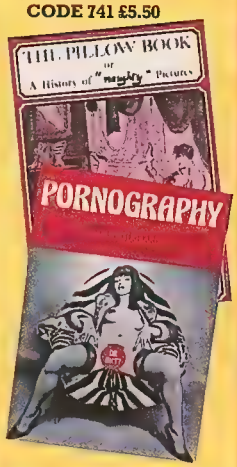

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Central Line again for the rest of the fuck.

The upshot of this is the girl was really impressed by my self-control. Of course I'm not going to tell her my secret, and I'm happy to let her think what she likes. So far I have memorised the Central, Metropolitan, Northern and Circle lines, and I'm on the point of starting on the Bakerloo, which can get a bit complex. We are dead happy with each other, and our sex life goes from strength to strength.

There is only one drawback really. I normally drive myself about in a beat up old Cortina, but last week I had to go into the West End during the rush hour, so I decided to go by Tube. I got into the carriage, it was crowded so I had to stand up, and of course I started looking at the diagram of the stations above the windows. As it happened, I was wearing tight jeans that day, and soon I had the stiffest hard-on of my life trying to split these jeans in half!

I couldn't look at the Tube stations, or even hear someone mention them, without thinking of my lovely girlfriend. I haven't repeated the journey in case it happens again, but my 'system' still works okay in bed. Is this what they mean by swings and roundabouts?
P.O. London

Watch the birdie

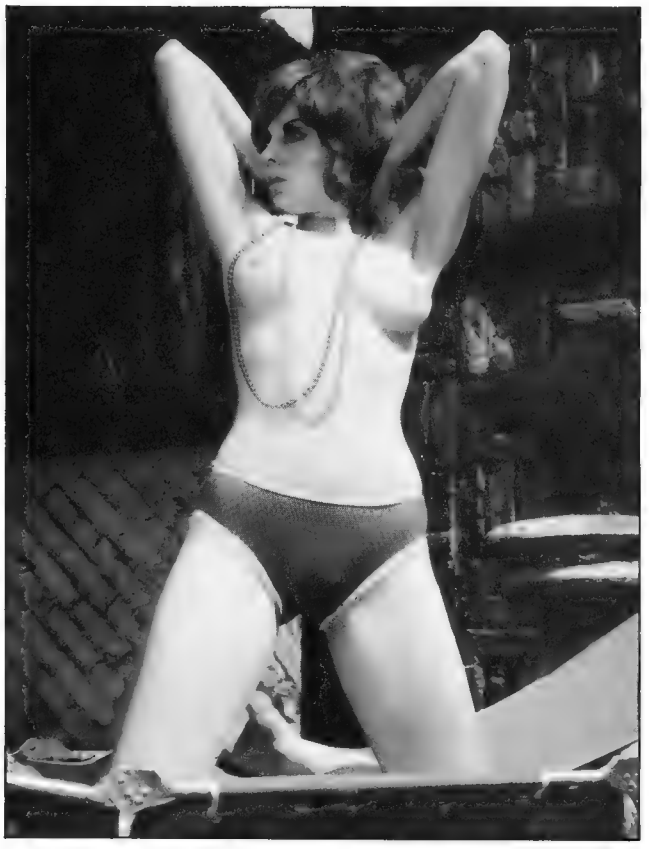
My advice to any young man who might be a bit shy with regard to chatting up the birds is: get a camera! You don't have to be David Bailey or anybody nowadays, since there are plenty of cameras on the market that provide full automatic focusing and/or exposure, and literally all you have to do is press the button for a reasonable snap.

When I first started my career as an amateur photographer, though, there were no such short cuts, and I had to learn the whole business the hard way, by trial and error. Since I was living near a seaside resort in those days, I used to spend a lot of my time near the front, asking girls if they minded my taking pictures of them, and although there were plenty of rebuffs in store for me, I was nonetheless quite staggered by the response I sometimes got.

In my experience two girls together are far more accessible than a girl on her own. However friendly they may appear to be to each other, women are basically very competitive, and if you approach a pair of them you are likely to benefit, sometimes quite spectacularly . . .

I remember the day I got a couple of birds from Scotland to pose for me at the top of the steps leading down to the beach. I'd just got a new filter I wanted to try out, with the clouds in the sky over the sea, But I was pretty inexperienced with the opposite sex, so what followed came as quite a shock, even though I was horny for them from the outset.

Once back in the chalet, one of them stripped her bikini top off and urged her friend to do the same. So there I was, using 2.8 or 5.6 because of the half-drawn curtains, and my fingers were shaking so much half the shots came out blurred anyway! They both had plenty of tit to flash around as well, and seemed to know just how to pose to make me as horny as hell, hunching their shoulders together to deepen the cleavage and doing their best to look 'sultry.'



Watch the birdie: 'They showed off their naked bodies'

thought there was no harm in fitting a couple of scantily clad bodies in as well. These two birds weren't exactly cover models. though they were shapely where it counts, and as usual I had a bit of a tent-on by the time I'd finished posing and snapping them.

They sent the whole thing up a bit, as girls will, and even when I'd used up a whole roll of film on them they still hung around as if eager for more. I asked them if I could take interior shots, and after a bit of a debate, they said I could go back to the chalet they were staying in. At this time of my life I

But then they started removing the bottom part of their bikinis. I suddenly came to the end of the next roll of film – and I didn't have any more! Not that I let on, though, I just kept snapping away while they spread their legs and showed off every square inch of their naked bodies. I wanted them to pose fingering or sucking each other, but they drew the line and at that, telling me if I didn't want to fuck them, they were going to go back to the beach and find someone who did.

I got my clothes off in seconds flat and fucked both of them hand-running, coming off quite fast in both of them, since the whole encounter had turned me into a sort of walking come-dispenser. When it was all over they calmly put their things back on and the three of us went back along the front together as if nothing had happened.

After that, of course, I expected every day to yield something similar in the way of crumpet. Take my advice though: if you make it too obvious what you're after, you'll scare the little darlings away. The best approach is to convince your prospective models of your sincerity as a photographer, and if they suggest anything further, take your chances.

As I say, it's truly amazing the number of women who are flattered when someone points a camera at them, and are much more ready to be chatted up than otherwise. I still keep my hobby up, although now I live away from the seaside I don't have quite the same opportunity as before.
D.H. Evesham

Snow-job

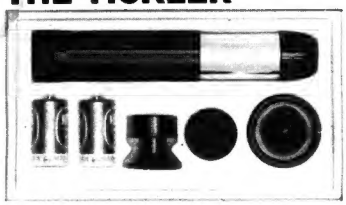
Here we are in the depths of winter once again, and if the long-range forecasters have got it right, we might well be in for the sort of white hell that made the first quarter of 1979 so memorable. And I won't care at all . . .

I live in a fairly remote part of the country, but since I'm not a farmer, I'm not so affected by the weather as my neighbours, who all suffered during the last bad winter.. Naturally though, I am always ready and willing to help out when things get tough, as they most certainly did two years ago.

One night during the thick of it, my nearest neighbour phoned up to say that his wife was expecting him to pick her up from the nearby town, but that his car's radiator had burst, despite all precautions. Would I drive into town in my Land Rover and bring her back to his farm, as she would be needed early the next day, and couldn't afford to spend the night away from home?

Feeling like a good Samaritan, I got togged up in my warmest things, stashed some hot coffee and

THE TICKLER



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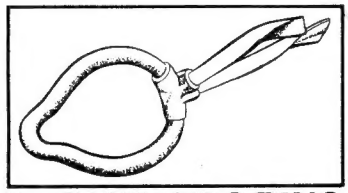

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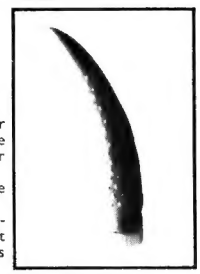

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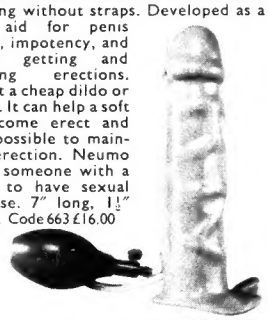

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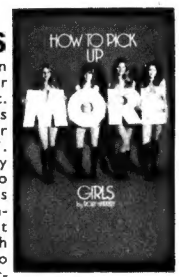

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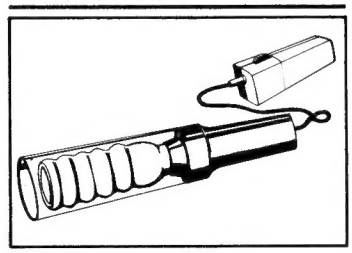

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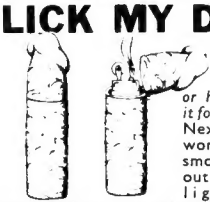

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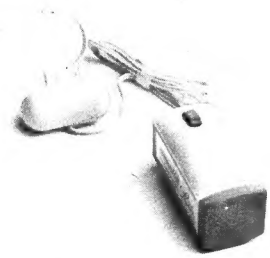

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MODEL DIRECTORY

ARE YOU GETTING YOURS?

blankets in the back just in case, and set off. It was already dark but the snow had stopped falling, and I managed to get into town in about an hour, even though in summer the journey takes an average of fifteen minutes.

I picked Gillian up from the W.I. meeting or whatever it was she had been attending and we set off at once, as more snow had been forecast. I think this was the worst night of the entire winter in terms of snowfall, and for once the weatherman had got it right: we hadn't gone more than half a mile out of town when it started to come down like a white blanket.

I'm pretty good with four-wheel drive, but nothing short of a snow-plough could have got through that night. And when we did finally come to a halt, with the snow up around the headlights, it was too late to think of getting out and making our way by foot. The safest thing to do would be to stay in the Land Rover and wait till morning.

Gillian resigned herself to her fate with more good humour than I did, and she supervised the sleeping arrangements. Since we were both worried about waking up dead, we obviously had to cuddle up together in the blankets, so after drinking some of the coffee this is what we did, curling up like a pair of spoons on the back seat, and swathed in blankets.

My neighbour's wife is in her thirties, quite good-looking with a typical farmer's wife-type figure, all shoulders and flesh, but I'd never consciously fancied her until this moment. Holding her from behind, though, I got an enormous erection, and when she wiggled her bottom even further into my lap, I took it as a sign of encouragement. After all, I told myself, this was a matter of life or death, it was so cold, and if sex was what was required to keep our circulations going, so be it!

When she felt me exploring her rear quarters, Gillian didn't say a word, just lay there without putting any obstruction in the way of my fingers, which were by now feeling all over her rump and then down between the fleshy thighs. It was fantastically exciting to be lying there in the freezing cold with the snow streaming down all round us, and yet with this burning hot centre of attention between our crotches.

I got my cock out quickly and after fingering her hole I stuck it in from behind. She didn't make a sound, so I pulled myself all the way in and stayed in the same position, feeling the heat from her crotch spread through my cock and up into the whole of my body. I knew that I could finish her almost when I pleased, but in the event I remained inside her for hours and hours, only thrusting into her every now and then when I felt the need for stimulation.

And as for Gillian herself, she seemed quite happy to lie there with my cock inside her until dawn. Both of us must have nodded off more than once, but as soon as we saw it was fully light outside, we knew we had survived the worst of it, even though the Land Rover was practically buried under the thick white drifts. To celebrate having made it through the night, I got my hands up her jumper and then inside her bra, so I could feel her warm breasts while I fucked her.

We had been joined together for so long, it was a bit funny to think of coming at all, but she realised what I was going to do, and pulled one of my hands down into her crotch to frig her while I slammed her from behind. I could feel her slippery folds rolling and clutching at my cock as I thrust deeply into her. It wasn't long before the whole vehicle was rocking from side to side – in fact, this might have been what attracted the attention of the rescue party who were half a mile down the road!

Gillian and I came simultaneously, which is more than most married couples can achieve after years of practice, let alone one night in the back of a snowbound Land Rover. In the intervening period though, neither of us have referred to what happened that night, and I don't think we ever will. Unless this winter turns out the same, of course . . .

L.K. Chester ●

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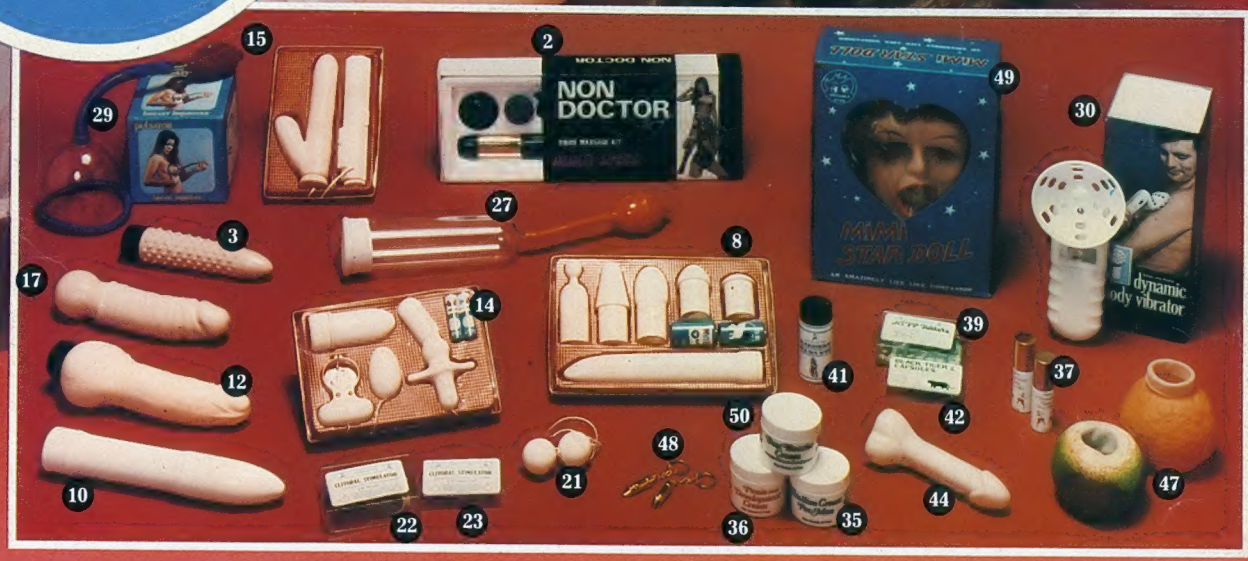

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